

SCIENCE AT THE ROYAL SHOW (Illustrated).
THE BROWN TROUT AND ITS RELATIVES. By Doctor Francis Ward. (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford	31, 32
The Way to Industrial Peace. (Leader)	32
Country Notes	33
Immortal, by Mary-Adair Macdonald	33
"Sweet Herbs," by Alice Hughes	34
The Brown Trout and Its Relatives, by Dr. Francis Ward. (Illustrated)	35
On Bovine Matters in India, by Stella Benson	38
Homer in Current English	39
Science at the Royal. (Illustrated)	40
Quo Vadis Europa? IX.—From Warsaw, by Stephen Graham	42
Country Home: Rockingham Castle.—I, by J. A. Gotch. (Illustrated)	44
Looking Back on Wimbledon, by F. R. Burrow.	51
Late 17th Century Chairs in the Collection of the Late Sir James Horlick, Bt., by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated)	52
Correspondence	55
The Black-headed Gull's Food (E. Adrian Woodruffe-Pearcock); An Interesting Building Experiment; A Question for Fishermen (M. Levett-Yeats); A Vanishing Burn (M. G. S. Best); Sea-trout in the Teign; Musical Phrase in Blackbird's Song (A. A. Temple); Tame Baby Badgers (C. McNiven); A Cheetah Hunt after Black Buck (Major P. G. Loch); A Dipper Tapping at the Window (E. E. Dennis); Salmon Fishing Eighty Years Ago (A. D. Sapsworth).	
A New Home out of Two Dwellings, by Robert Stanley. (Illustrated)	57
The Good Example of the Jockey Club Stewards	58
Shooting Notes, by Max Baker. (Illustrated)	59
On the Green, by Bernard Darwin	60
The Estate Market	lxxii.
Old French Silver, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated)	lxxiii.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	lxxiv.
The Lure of the Sales. (Illustrated)	lxxx.
Set Down for Reference	lxxxi.

The Way to Industrial Peace

IT is of little use to cry over spilt milk and of still less would it be to raise a wail about the ill consequences of the miners' strike. It is more profitable to look forward with the aid of whatever light is shed on the future by this struggle than to lament the loss incurred by the miners themselves, by the Government, by the coal-owners, by the industrial interests of this country. Attentive students will, however, be able to perceive that in the end of the struggle is to be discerned a hope which by right nursing and good statesmanship might lead to the happiest effects in the future. This hope lies in the introduction of profit-sharing by the manual workers in the results of mining. It is of the utmost importance that the country should realise what are the two prime essentials in a permanent settlement of the dispute between Capital and Labour. Let it not be thought for a moment that an object of this kind can be achieved easily or by men who work out theories on paper only. There are very great practical difficulties to be overcome, but they are not insuperable. In the first place it is necessary that we should all form a clear understanding of the elements necessary to produce a solution that will make for peace and prosperity. The two go together. That is an idea which must be fixed in the mind both of master and man. Without peace there can be no prosperity, so that whatever arrangement is come to must be satisfactory to both parties. The two objects to be kept in view then, are, first, that a settlement should obviate the chance of any further quarrel, and, secondly, that it should lead to increased production. On the latter of these two objects there has been a great deal of sophistical and probably not very sincere argument. It has been said in many prominent journals and on many

platforms that increased production is ruinous to the worker, that it will bring down wages, increase unemployment and so forth. Nothing of that kind is at all likely to happen. At the present moment the whole world is requiring commodities to make good the losses incurred during wartime. That is likely to be the case for many a long year to come—for so many years that few living will see the end of it. The process of meeting the requirements of the world must be slow if for no other reason than because, needful as the potential purchasers are, they have not the means to acquire what they need in a hurry. The demands of every country will increase in proportion as prosperity comes to that country. Real wealth is made by production and production only.

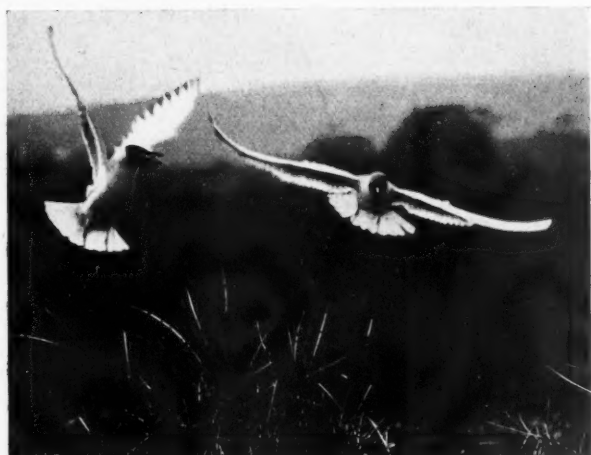
In regard to agriculture we have for a long time advocated in these pages an arrangement based on some such principle as that which has been accepted by the miners. To get the two parties concerned to agree to it is not going to be easy. On both sides hotheads are already urging action which would almost inevitably lead to trouble. Spokesmen of the farmers have already declared that agricultural wages must come down. We do not at all question the truthfulness of that: in fact it is inevitable. But getting up on a platform and saying this aggressively is only to invite trouble. Everything depends upon the manner in which a subject like this is approached. The wiser of the employers should insist that the labourers have a right to see convincing evidence that such a measure is inevitable. The farmers have only too good a case. The products of their land are not likely to fetch the prices in the immediate future which they have done in the past. Already signs are manifest that the land is becoming less attractive to the capitalist. He does not see the prospect of making so much out of it. The workers know that as well and they are beginning to realise that the slackening of a proportion of their number has not been by any means good for the rest. The farmer has learned the value of the good man and probably will make no effort to reduce his wages, but the man of only second-rate efficiency is not likely to be equally cherished. He has got to know that he must make his hands so efficient that the farmer cannot do without them.

Now is the time to devise a system by which he will be encouraged to give his very best work and a little more than he has been in the habit of giving lately. The only solid way of encouraging him is to give him a share in the result of his own labour. That might be managed in the same way as in the case of the miners. The labourer must have his standing wage because he has got to live. The farmer must have an income for the same reason. A body of farmers and labourers should be called on to explore what is a reasonable division of profits after the first call of the men and the call of the master have been satisfied. All this necessitates the institution of a system of which we cannot attempt to give the details in the space at our disposal, and, besides, this should not be settled by outsiders of any kind but by the men and their employers sitting in congress together. Both parties would then know the facts and they would be face to face with them. If a farm does not pay then the labourer will soon have no source from which to draw his wages. That at least is basic, though the men have not in all cases received the economic education which enables them to realise it. But when a case comes up figures must be produced, and they must be figures so convincing that the labourer cannot withstand them.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford is the first full page illustration of this week's issue of *Country Life*. She is the third daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea, was married in 1917 to Captain Humphrey de Trafford, M.C., Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Sir Francis de Trafford, Bt., and has two little daughters.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

SINCE the last number of COUNTRY LIFE was published the coal strike has ended, and another disastrous strike has been averted by the agreement arrived at in the engineering dispute. Already these events seem to have happened a long time ago and in that fact is evidence of a pressing danger. We are all disposed metaphorically to lie back and say "Thank goodness that is over," and luxuriate in our feelings of relief. Certainly it is a time for profound gratitude, but also for determined effort. The loss involved has been appalling; we must all work hard to make it good and, what is even more important, must work with good will toward one another. There is, at least, cause for congratulation and cause for hope in the fact that the long strike was carried on with far less bitterness than might have been expected. That is all to the good, but nothing will avail unless the lesson of the strike has been learnt. What that lesson is was well expressed by Mr. J. H. Thomas at a mass meeting of railwaymen. They had not only to settle down, he said, but to realise that if they wanted to do anything for their own people there must be something like peace in this country. Anything that destroyed the credit of the country inevitably reacted on the workers.

WE may take it, let us hope, as of happy augury that on the day when the pits once again became busy the Prince of Wales set out for his four days' visit to a county of many pits—Lancashire. We have spoken of the need for goodwill, and there is, perhaps, no one alive who diffuses such an atmosphere of goodwill as does the Prince. His four days have been most strenuous ones and many people who think themselves very hard worked would wilt before so full a programme. On Friday, for instance, there were as many as eight places for him to visit before lunch. At one of these he had to make a presentation and inspection, and at none of them, we may feel sure, would he escape a very warm and individual welcome. It is interesting to see that, except when receiving formal addresses from the Liverpool and Manchester Corporations, the Prince made a point of wearing everyday clothes and expressed a hope that those he met would do likewise. This was a wise as well as a kindly thought. Towards the making of rapid and unembarrassed friendships there is much virtue in the bowler hat and the tweed suit of ordinary life.

IT is too soon as yet to calculate the financial results of the Royal Show. Last year universal satisfaction was felt with that at Darlington, but later, when the bill came in, it was found that gigantic receipts were annulled by a still more gigantic expenditure. There is ground for hope that no similar fiasco will be recorded this year. At Darlington there were two wet days which appreciably diminished the possible receipts, while at Derby there was not one. The sun shone all the time, and but for the

frequent breezes it would have been too hot. And those who manage these affairs for the Royal were not too proud to take a lesson from experience. Means were taken for increasing the revenue by, for example, increasing the price for admission and of curtailing expenditure. The Midlanders supported it splendidly and, judging by their pleasant faces, received plenty of enjoyment in return, and exhibitors admitted that it led to much business, direct and indirect, for the Royal Show has to perform some of the functions of a fair.

MR. SHAW of Beenham Court has stepped in to save Stowe, and the nation should be grateful to him. Had he not bought the house and its vast environing lay-out, the later days of the sale now progressing were to have seen the great edifice stripped of its splendid and apt accessories—its temples and pavilions, its statues and bas-reliefs, its urns and vases. Its attraction would have been in such large measure destroyed that final decay and extinction would have been its almost certain fate. Mr. Shaw has not only saved it, but hopes to offer it to the nation. It is, perhaps, the most renowned of the great Whig country palaces that our eighteenth century social and political régime created. It is a splendid historical document covering 272 acres, and Mr. Shaw's generous proposal should be enthusiastically received and all necessary steps taken to carry it through. The fabric is perfectly sound, the structural decorations of wood, plaster, stone, marble and paint are intact, and all in the Great Manner. Most of the leading architects, craftsmen and garden makers of the eighteenth century had some connection with it, for its successive owners, princely in purse and outlook, were ever increasing and developing its amenities, with the final outcome of the great 700ft. long frontage and the vast number and variety of its environing incidents. It is an epitome of the taste and manners of educated Englishmen under the Georges and should be valued highly to-day as a civilising influence.

IMMORTAL.

When the days of Youth are sped,
Alone with the dew and the dusk shall thy heart recall
Silences manifold, and a word half said,
The sound of passing wheels, or the cuckoo's call
When April dawns came to thee, eager eyed;
And the little ghosts of a day long dead shall come,
Wearing the tender glory of eventide
To the heart that was their home.
Thou shalt remember, alone with the dusk and the dew,
How Hope was born to the noise of beating rain.
Thou shalt live the hour again
When Hope was slain with a sword that no man knew.
But Love shall never again be housed in thy heart;
Love, that dies not, has never a ghost for thee—
Love, that was captive once, has thrust apart
The doors of thy Spirit, to range Eternity.

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

THE Australians have been so far too good for us that it is not, we trust, in the nature of an excuse to say that we have not only had the weaker side, but a very unlucky one. At Leeds we have certainly been unfortunate. First of all, Mr. Tennyson hurt his hand badly, and then Hobbs was taken so seriously ill that an operation had to be performed, as we are very glad to hear, successfully. Hobbs is the greatest batsman in the world to-day. He played one incomparable innings against the Australians at Attleborough early in the summer, dealing with Gregory and Macdonald, the fast bowlers, as no one else has been able to do. Then he retired hurt. He had but just recovered from the injury to his knee in time to play in this match at Leeds. Cricket is proverbially an uncertain game. We can only grin and bear it, remembering that with no luck it would be a dull game too. Mr. Tennyson's injured hand has, at any rate, given him the chance of playing a splendidly plucky innings such as warms the heart. He should be remembered with Tom Sayers, who fought on, with one arm powerless, against the Benicia Boy.

THE average citizen who has now to pay the second instalment of his income tax will have read with warm approval a recent remark of the magistrate at the Woolwich Court. One Austrian and several Russians were summoned for arrears of income tax. The Austrian had been making £7 a week as a glass blower. The defendants now pleaded that they were out of work. Two of the Russians admitted that they were drawing the out of work dole, but the Austrian said sadly that he had had nothing from the Labour Exchanges for five weeks. "A good job too," said the magistrate: and it is a downright expression of opinion that many will applaud. That aliens should come here, earn for a while a very sufficient income, refuse to pay the tax on it and then draw an out of work dole is certainly startling. If the magistrate had permitted himself to use a common piece of modern slang, he would probably have described it as "a bit thick." He did something, however, thoroughly practical, for he made an order that the defendants should pay within a few days or go to prison.

THERE is, perhaps, no devotion so wholehearted as that of a public schoolmaster to the school where he has been both boy and master. So, also, there is no farewell more touching than that which must be said when he is "ready to depart." There have been many such masters, but few better known and none more devoted than Mr. M. C. Kemp, who leaves Harrow at the end of this term and received a presentation there last Saturday. Thousands of people who never spoke to him talk familiarly of "Bishop" Kemp. He was born in 1861, went to Harrow when he was twelve, and after his time at Oxford and a brief excursus as a master to Winchester, came back to the school on the hill. For thirty-three years he has looked after the cricket there with an almost passionate solicitude, and his name will be remembered with those of "Bob" Grimston, "Fred" Ponsonby and I. D. Walker. Harrow cricket has suffered something of an eclipse during the last few years, and even the fiercest of Etonians would not be very sorry if Mr. Kemp could have a Harrow victory at Lords this week for a parting present.

JUST as one famous schoolmaster is leaving his old school another is coming home. Mr. Vaughan has been headmaster of Wellington since 1910. He has now been appointed to succeed Dr. David as headmaster of Rugby, where he was himself at school in the days of Dr. Jex Blake. Rugby's gain is Wellington's loss, and a very real one, for Mr. Vaughan has been at once a strong and a popular master, and these two qualities do not always go together. It is but natural, however, that he should go back to Rugby. Even if it were not his own school, to be a successor of Arnold is no small matter, and, indeed, to all who have been brought up on "Tom Brown" there seems something a little more august about the headmastership of Rugby than that of other schools. The fact that one who is not a clergyman should be appointed is no longer surprising, as it would have been only a few years back. It is not in itself a cause either for rejoicing or regret, but it is a thoroughly good and wise state of things that, for a post fraught with such great influence and possibilities, there should be the widest field of choice.

MANY things connected with the fight between Dempsey and Carpentier were wearisome and vulgar. It was treated too palpably in the manner of a "stunt." Moreover, the pugilist is a figure who is always more attractive the further he recedes into the distance. Those who write about him to-day are at a hopeless disadvantage, since Hazlitt and Borrow have been before them and made him romantic. But however much we disliked the accompaniments of the fight, we were most of us interested in the thing itself. Strength and courage will always make their appeal. Nearly everyone here, and most people, as it seems, in America, would have liked Carpentier to win, because he has a very gallant record in the war and an engaging personality and was in some measure David attacking Goliath. It was because of this last reason that he did not win. It is really one of the oldest stories in the

world. Thus it was when Hazlitt went down by the Bath coach to see big Bill Neate, who was six feet high, beat the Gas Light man who was five feet nine; and all the money, save that of the long-headed Mr. John Gully, was on the smaller man. So it always must be in almost any athletic contest. The "good big 'un" will beat the "good little 'un."

WHILE the fight was going on in America we had in this country such a carnival of sport as there has never been before. The King and Queen saw a wonderful air pageant at Hendon, which included the bombing of the pleasantly named General Blitzenscooter's headquarters. Wimbledon ended in a blaze of sunshine, and Mr. Tilden just kept the Championship by beating Mr. Norton after a great match. The Freebooters beat Meadowbrook in the semi-final of the Hurlingham Championship Cup. The third Test Match began at Leeds; the irrepressible Mr. Macartney once more made a hundred: once more we thought we were going to get the Australians out for a reasonable score and once more their "tail" were too strong for us. There was the last day of Henley, whence a Dutch sculler took away the Diamonds. There were the Athletic Championships at Stamford Bridge; croquet had its modest Championship; only the golfers were at rest. In these crowded few hours one very remarkable achievement has probably escaped some of the notice it deserved: A. G. Hill ran a mile in 4.13 4-5, which beat the British amateur record by three seconds and came within measurable distance of W. G. George's famous time. Yet he only won by the skin of his teeth from Stallard of Cambridge, who chased him up to the very last yard of a most gallant race.

"SWEET HERBS."

Cry of Old London.

I.

Comes a cry from Cheape,
"Herbs, sweet herbs."
To keep the doctor from your doors
Are simples for each malady,
And rushes fresh to strew your floors
All so daintily, my Lady.
Rosemary, mint and meadow-sweet,
And woodruff, woodsage, none can beat—
Pass not dear ladies down the street
'Ere you buy of me.

II.

Which, say, shall it be?
Marjoram, thyme or rosemary?
Odour so sweet gives spikenard,
Sweet bay, sweet basil—O', marry!
There's not among my herbs—not one—
But calls "come tarry."
O' put your face adown, sweet miss,
There's not a herb but longs to kiss,
And send its sweet breath up to you
Flooding your senses through and through.

"Herbs, sweet herbs"

Comes a cry from Cheape.

ALICE HUGHES.

THE coal strike, with its attendant difficulties of travel and impossibility of getting fuel, has had a disastrous effect on the letting of Scottish shootings. A large number of forests are still in the market; and the same remark applies, though to not so great an extent, to grouse moors. Braemore, Braulen and Affarie are let, to mention those which first come to mind. It is a sign of the changed conditions in the North that such forests, which were formerly let on long leases, should have descended to "the fatal yearly tenancy." The open winter and mild spring have been greatly in favour of the deer. Unusual heads are prophesied, though the correctness of such forecasts remains to be seen. The long spell of dry weather is certain to have a prejudicial effect on the horn growth. Grouse, though patchy, promise well in many parts, and the young birds are unusually well advanced for the time of year. Many of them, to use a hallowed phrase, are already "strong on the wing."

THE BROWN TROUT & ITS RELATIVES

BY DR. FRANCIS WARD.

DURING the autumn adult trout have been up to the headwaters of the river they inhabit, and after spawning they have again dropped back into the lower pools or into the lake below. Here during the barren winter months they have been able to pick up just sufficient food to live, so that in the early spring it is small wonder that trout are lean, lanky and out of condition.

In April and May they come into their own again, and by the summer they are sucking down flies from early morn till dusk, feeding on nymphs floating up to the surface, tailing among the weeds or gorging themselves after a freshet on food washed out of the banks.

The amount of food a trout will take is enormous. Feeding like this, it is not surprising that a healthy brown trout, in a water clear of pollution, should rapidly grow into glorious condition.

So once again anglers whose idea of bliss is to throw a fly over a rising trout are able to indulge in their favourite sport.

Whether one fishes or not, it is always interesting to watch a feeding trout, and even those who are not anglers will often hang over a bridge to see him come up time after time and suck down the passing fly.

Trout take a fly in various ways. The youngster rushes at it, often knocks it aside, and falls back with a noisy splash. The larger fish may also rush at a fly with open mouth, and as he breaks he sends a series of eddying rings racing over the surface. With such a rise the fly may be taken, but as often as not it is knocked aside.

The rise that means business as far as killing your fish is concerned is when a big trout has taken up his position under a bank or rock where the current in the stream sweeps the majority of the floating flies over his head. From a foot or so from below the surface he comes up at an angle of about 45° with his mouth closed. As his snout is almost touching the fly he opens his mouth and lifts the gill covers from the side of his head; this causes a suck and the fly is drawn into the mouth of the fish.

The actual taking of the fly may cause hardly any disturbance, but as the trout goes down he often breaks the surface with a flick of his tail. Down again, he swings round to within an inch or two of his old position, to repeat the process with uninterrupted precision as the flies continue to float over him.

The first illustration is from a photograph of such a trout rise as seen from below the surface of the water. The bright streak above the fish is due to the receding swirl made by his tail as he descended. This swirl appears as a bright light, because at this spot the surface of the water, reflecting the bottom of the river, is broken, and the wave of the swirl is illuminated by the light from above. (The appearance of objects seen from below the surface is fully explained in "Animal Life Under Water."—Cassell.)

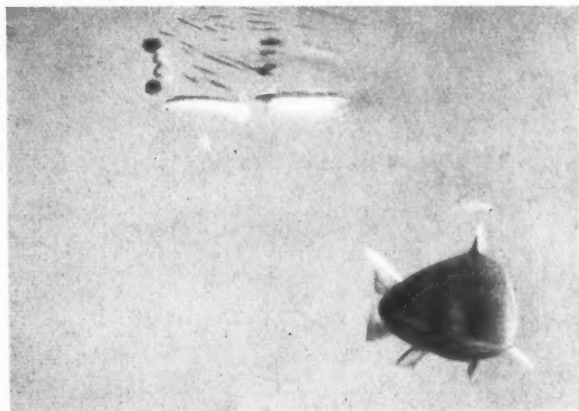
I have fished for trout with the dry fly, the wet fly, the minnow, the worm, the buzzing bluebottle dapped on the water under a willow tree, and I have gently manipulated him from beneath a shelving stone. I think most anglers and poachers who have tried all these and other methods will agree with me that to be able to throw half a dozen patterns of dry fly over a rising fish without putting him down, until finally you get him to take what he wants, is fishing at its best. Wet-fly fishing, however, can afford excellent sport, but the principle to work on in order to deceive your fish is quite different.

For wet-fly fishing a dozen well selected patterns in different sizes is more than enough. In selecting the patterns ignore any attempt to imitate the natural fly, but select your patterns so as to give a varying degree of flash.

Then there is the scientific worm angler, who fishes the up-stream worm in clear water on a hot summer's day. It is hard work if done properly. To them I would presume to offer a suggestion. Keep your eyes on the spot where you think the stream has carried your worm; you may see a glint, strike quick and hard and you have hooked your trout before he has time to spit out the worm. The second plate shows you what has happened. In the top photograph on this plate there is a trout hanging in the water, inconspicuous because of the spots superimposed on his reflecting body. In the lower photograph the same fish has turned on its side to pick up a worm. This is the flash you see as the reflecting side of his body catches the light above. You may have actually struck while the fish is turning over, before it has touched the worm; so much the better, for by the time the strike takes effect the worm is in the trout's mouth and he has not yet become suspicious and spat it out.

In any case it all adds interest to the game and you certainly do not have to cut out your Stewart tackle from half way down the fish.

So in one way or another the brown trout affords the best of sport from April to October. If during this time the trout



A TROUT RISE SEEN FROM BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

have escaped from their natural enemies and have not fallen victims to the lures of man, they are ready to spawn.

As a young fish, the trout at the spawning season becomes of a dark shade, but the colours are very intense and the red spots on his body more than usually brilliant. Later in life the trout ceases to put on this intense coloration, and instead the skin becomes spongy and partially overlaps the scales.

After the summer droughts the water is probably low and the trout are prevented from getting up to the gravel beds. At last, there is rain in the air. The trout know this full well, and crowd together at the head of the lake or at the upper end of the deep pools on the lower waters of their river.

In a day or two the rain descends and the river comes down in flood. The trout now run up, and passing from pool to pool, they ascend the tributaries or travel until the main river itself is but a trickling stream. As they move up to spawn a male fish may accompany the female throughout the journey, yet, on the other hand, he may not select a mate until the actual spawning grounds are reached. Unless the male is an exceptionally heavy fish, he does not, however, retain possession of his spawning partner without many a good fight.

A trout fight does not resemble some of the bouts of the present day, where one or other of the combatants accepts a knock-out in a minute or two. With trout, fighting is a series of skirmishes which may last for two or three days, until one fish is exhausted or, acknowledging defeat, retires from the fray. At times the fight may be of a very spirited character.



BROWN TROUT FEEDING



BROWN TROUT ON THE SPAWNING GROUND.

On one of the accompanying plates are three pictures cut from cinematograph film, which illustrate a trout fight, as seen from under the water. First one fish chased the other round and round, and as he caught his enemy he viciously tore the scales from his back; the pursued fish then suddenly turned and seized the pursuer by the jaw, and after a rough and tumble, like boxers in the ring, they broke away; again they closed, but this time the trout that was ultimately victorious got a really good grip on the lower jaw of his opponent. Over and over they went, while the fish with the grip shook his almost exhausted victim like a terrier shakes a rat.

The victor now let go, and, though bruised and battered, he slowly swam away to join the female fish, which had complacently watched the fight from the side of the pool.

The vanquished trout floated to the surface and was carried down the stream. In the photographs illustrating this fight the upper images of the fish are reflections from the surface, as seen from below the water.

On the spawning ground the male is very attentive to his mate, and finally induces her to spawn. From one of my underwater observation chambers I have watched trout spawn at a distance of 3ft. First the female fish lay on her side, and with a rapid flapping movement of her tail kicked out a hollow or trench in the gravel. Incidentally her exertions caused some of the eggs or hard roe to escape from her body, some of which fell into this trench.

During spawning the female fish slowly moved forward, and continued to flap her tail. In this way she threw out an advancing trench into which her eggs escaped, while the gravel from the last trench was thrown back and covered the eggs in the trench behind. The male took no part in these digging operations, but was near by, and as his milt, or soft roe, escaped into the water some of the eggs were fertilised.

This fish, that weighed close on a pound, buried about 1,000 eggs under 2ins. to 3ins. of gravel over an area of several feet. After the third day spawning was completed and the exhausted female dropped down stream.

For three months the eggs of the trout lie buried in the gravel, but during this time the sparkling, oxygen-laden water, eddying its way through the loose stones, enables the fertilised ova to develop.

Early in February the eggs hatch. I have shown four illustrations of the hatching of the trout. The first is a photograph of an egg a few seconds before the young fish escaped. The outline of the head and the two eyes are clearly seen, the dark mass below the head is the liver of the fish, which is of a beautiful deep pink colour. In the next illustration the head has burst through and just below the throat is seen the two-valved heart of the hatching fish. Next we have a quaint jack-in-the-box appearance of the fish half hatched, with the yolk sac nipped.



A TROUT FIGHT.



TROUT HATCHING.

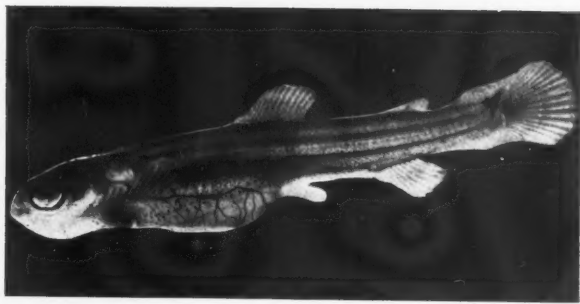
1, Trout egg a few seconds before hatching. 2 and 3, Escaping from the egg membrane. 4, Young trout (alevin) just hatched (magnified five times).

In the last illustration the trout has hatched. A young trout, in common with all other members of the salmon family, when hatched is known as an alevin—a French word meaning “young fish.”

An alevin has an odd appearance. A continuous primitive fin runs right round its body. Attached to the under-surface of the fish is a large yolk sac which provides nourishment for the alevin during the first five or six weeks of its life. In the photograph innumerable oil globules are seen in the yolk sac. A network of blood vessels carries the nourishment from this yolk sac to the two-valved heart, by which it is pumped all over the body. The dark mass is the salmon pink liver of young salmonoid.

It is not the luck of every egg to hatch out as described. Some have been insufficiently covered, and are washed out of the redds or trenches. These eggs are eagerly devoured by small trout or other fish. Late spawners expose ova already deposited in the gravel, and larvæ, insects, dabchicks, water-hens and ducks, all have their share of this spoil. December floods cause countless ova to be buried feet deep in *débris*. The water freezes solid right down through the gravel, and as the ice lifts the eggs are carried away.

In nature few ova mature, but, as a sporting proposition, one fish that is hatched and survives under wild conditions is worth ten artificially reared trout.



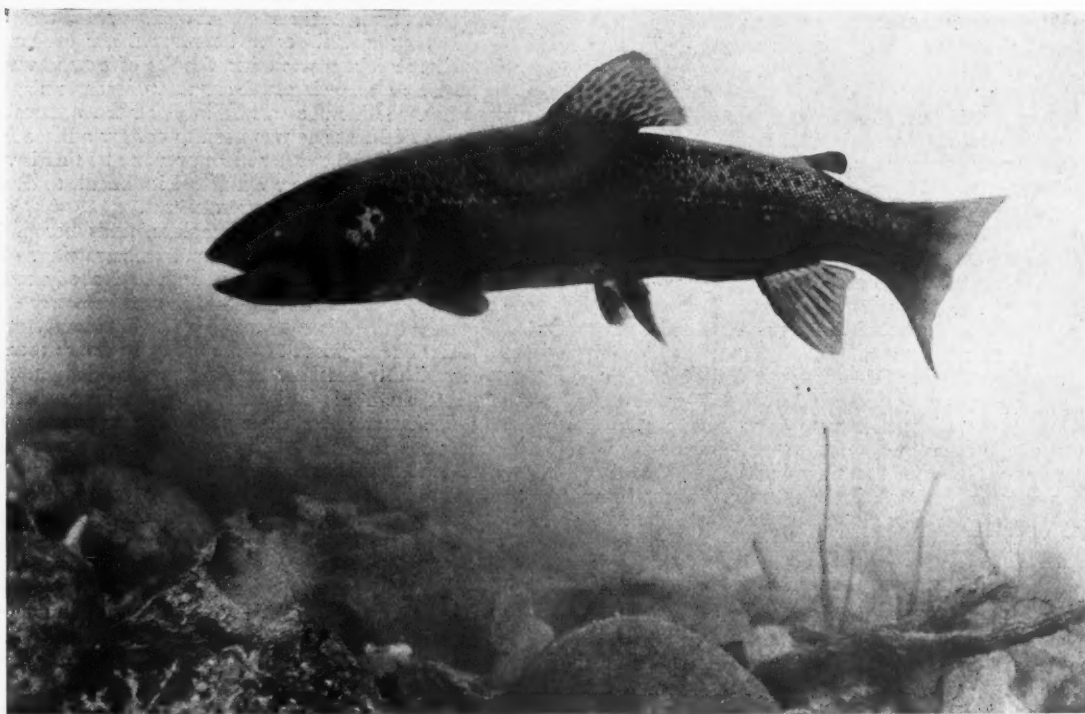
YOUNG TROUT (ALEVIN) FIVE WEEKS OLD (MAGNIFIED FIVE TIMES).

After the exertion of hatching the alevin is completely exhausted, and lies on its side panting. As it revives it rests in an erect position on its yolk sac with its head up-stream.

While alevins remain in the gravel the mortality among them is not very great, but as soon as they begin to move about and get under the larger stones their enemies play havoc among them. Sticklebacks and other small fish, hunting in the gravel, take their toll, while murderous-looking larvæ and caddis worms crawling into the darkest recesses still further diminish their numbers.

At five weeks old the alevins have acquired a more fish-like appearance, the fins are quite distinct and the adipose fin prominent; but notice that the tail fin as yet is very unlike that of the adult trout. Though the alevins still derive some nourishment from the yolk sac for another week or two, they now begin to swim, and start feeding on minute infusoria. Next the little fish tackle the young of tiny crustaceans, such as the cyclops and daphnia, or waterflea. At seven or eight weeks old the fins are separate, the yolk sacs have disappeared and the alevins are now dignified by the name of “fry.” Cyclops, daphnia, water-spiders, small beetles, larvæ of water-flies, and young snails are now added to their dietary, and occasionally they are able to nip off the heads of their old enemies the caddis worms before these insects are able to withdraw into their protecting cases. If fortunate, the alevins come across a water-cress bed, where freshwater shrimps abound. The young of these crustaceans afford the best of food for fry, and on this nourishing diet they soon grow fat and strong.

As a rule, fry dart here, there and everywhere in search of food, but occasionally several of them will band together and systematically hunt *corixæ* (water beetles not unlike water-boatmen, but smaller in size). The *corixa*, though small, is a valiant fighter, but as soon as the young fish succeed in nipping off one of his oars, he is at once disabled and at their mercy. Then falling on him like a pack of hounds, they tear him limb from limb. These foraging excursions soon add to the size and strength of the alevins, but they also materially add to



ADULT BROWN TROUT.



THE FIRST RUSH OF A SEA TROUT.

their chances of destruction. At every corner a hungry trout or some other fish is ready to snap them up, the gaily painted kingfisher is on the look out for them by day, and at night they have to avoid one of their worst enemies, the eel.

With the autumn the mature trout again comes up into the shallow water to spawn, and now the fry have a lively time in picking up stray eggs, and in avoiding the attentions of the hungry fish after they have spawned. By the following spring the fry have grown from 3ins. to 7ins. in length, according to the abundance of their food supply, and are known as "yearlings." During the summer these yearlings drop down into deeper waters, adding considerably to the variety of their food, and to their already long list of enemies.

In another year's time the trout has grown so that he is now from 5ins. to 12ins. in length, and is known as a "two-year-old."

In the autumn of her third year the female trout ascends the river to spawn as already described.

The brown trout has been taken to illustrate the history of salmonoids in general. In a group of fishes so large as the one under consideration, many species are naturally described.

First and foremost are the salmon themselves, which include the salmon (*Salmo salar*) and the various trouts. Then there are the brilliantly coloured charrs, found mainly in Switzerland, Ireland and Lake Windermere. The smelt is a member of the salmon family; and, further, a small smelt found on the coast and in the rivers of New Zealand is the only salmon inhabiting waters out of the Northern Hemispheres, except for those which have been recently imported by man.

The graylings, which give excellent sport, are well known in this country and in Canada; and last, but not least, there are the numerous "white fishes" which are present in every lake and river throughout North America. The white fishes differ from other salmonoids in having large scales and delicately shaped mouths; the best known representative of this group in our country is the pollan of Irish waters. It is well to remember that in America the term "white fishes" applies to these large-scaled members of the salmon family; but at home it refers to the silvery section of the carp family, such as the roach, rudd and dace. Though the salmon are of great importance as a food supply throughout the Northern Hemispheres, yet it is mainly as sporting fish that they appeal to civilised man.

The salmonoid that gives the best sport is undoubtedly the sea trout. It is impossible to imagine a more game fish than a clean run 3lb. sea trout. As often as not, with the very first rush he has taken all the line off the reel, and you see the backing whizzing through the rings. It is the first time you have seen it for many a day and you wonder if it will hold. Then from what appears to be a mile away, a gleaming bar of silver, leaps and leaps again into the air.

Until recently the brown trout, the Loch Leven, the Great Lake trout, and others have been described as different species of the salmon family, but these fish are merely varieties of the brown trout, and the variations in size and appearance are due to alterations in environment and feeding habits.

Further, the completeness with which the brown trout can acquire the appearance and habits of a migratory salmonoid suggests that at no very distant date the sea trout, and possibly the salmon itself, was a common brown trout.

ON BOVINE MATTERS IN INDIA

COWS in India, the writer has observed, occupy the same position in society as women did in England before they got the vote. The women were to be revered, but not encouraged. Now that they vote they are neither to be revered nor encouraged; but before that fatal step was taken the life of woman was a sort of long obstacle race, owing to the anxiety of man to place pedestals before her. While she was falling over the pedestals she was soothingly told that she was born to occupy a Place Apart, and, indeed, so far Apart did her Place prove to be that it was almost beyond earshot, and she often found it difficult to communicate her material wants to a reverent world.

The cow in India, one imagines, finds her position and that of her family equally lofty and embarrassing. You practically never see a happy cow in India. Nobody east of Suez, of course, ever dares to say anything even remotely carnivorous to a cow, yet there is something in her luminously myopic eye, and in her cheek grooved by a continual sombre tear, that suggests irresistibly that her life is empty of delight. She must know that she holds half India's politics in the hollow of her hoof; like our mothers, she must have been constantly told that her indirect influence on her country's destiny was incalculable, yet she feels humiliated and unsatisfied. The only members of the beef family in India which really look as if life were worth living are the holy bulls of Benares, which stand at the street corners horn to horn, eating sacred marigolds which they have no intention of paying for and cynically discussing the passing globe-trotters.

As for the oxen. . . . Seeing them-crawling moodily along, buried from stem to stern under a stupendous superstructure of dry goods, whose weight seems to bear more heavily on their necks than on the wheels, one cannot think that they derive any real comfort from the knowledge that no orthodox Hindu would eat them. It can give them no more than a very superficial pleasure to observe that their masters revere them

enough to carve all sorts of elaborate freehand curves in their hides. The ox must often reflect bitterly on the fact that Providence, after starting hopefully by setting his family on a pedestal of reverent tradition, should have spoilt the whole thing by giving him a hump. That hump is the undoing of the Indian branch of the beef family. Nobody could possibly see that hump without wishing to fit a yoke in front of it. No other physical feature has ever been so obviously designed for the use of man as is the hump. Divorce the hump from the yoke and what is the use of it? The crows, to be sure, are in the habit of using it as a vantage point on which to stand while surveying the rest of the animal, but this use cannot be said to constitute a *raison d'être* for the hump. No, if you wear a hump you have to crown it with a yoke, and if you wear a yoke and have an irritable but jodelling master sitting upon it all day, pulling a string that is threaded through your nose and beating you on the off rib, where is the fun in belonging to a reverend family? You might just as well be a common lay buffalo.

Yet, with all this, even a globe-trotter can see that the buffalo is a long step below the ox in the social scale. The writer is intensely sorry for all buffaloes. There is no compensation for being a buffalo, he has no lofty traditions at all and he knows it. The only legend in his family connects him frankly with Sin. You may often see rude caricatures of his homely and unlucky figure ramping in and out of Hindu pictures in company with demons and headless bodies and bodiless heads and other attributes of hell. Even this doubtful sport is, one fears, purely legendary; no demon worth knowing would really condescend to ramp with a buffalo. The buffalo knows that; he knows everything about himself; he has no delusions, you can see that in his eyes. The yoke under his horns prevents him from looking round to see what a poor figure his partner is cutting, but he needs no reminder—he knows. He knows that he and his partner and his mother and all his family are the plainest and the least dainty creatures on the face of the earth,

with the possible exception of the wart-hog. Even when he was a calf, his mother used to contemplate him dubiously. Many people have loved cows, and even poets have mentioned them, but nobody ever loved a buffalo even enough to bring it into an elegy. You could not love or respect a creature which, during the whole course of evolution, has never decided whether to be a bald or a hairy beast. The writer, after earnest contemplation of the faces of the buffaloes on Chowringhee, Calcutta, cannot even say with confidence that they have beautiful souls. Of almost anyone hopelessly plain it is said by friends and enemies alike that goodness shines out of his eyes. Not so with the unfortunate buffalo. Nothing shines out of his eyes at all, they are matt eyes, anguished, but not poetically so. Sometimes buffaloes are seen sitting like desert islands in ponds, or, better still, in running streams with miniature breakers surging against their bleak headlands. At such times a faint smear of tranquillity, so to speak, may be seen by the keen observer on the horny surface of the buffalo's eye and in the twitch of his forlorn and unstarched ear, but there is nothing radiant at all about the *tout ensemble*. Sometimes the water is so deep that only a mud-coated nose and a few eyelashes are seen above the surface. In this pose the buffalo is seen to best advantage, but, even so, no one but a crocodile would trouble to look twice at him. The buffalo's only attempt at vanity or individuality is expressed in the cut and angle of his horns. Most buffaloes wear their horns with pessimism and without *chic*. But some try feebly to imitate the brisker angle affected by their neighbours, the oxen. The writer saw one buffalo with one horn up and one down and the effect was almost waggish. She saw another whose horns made an almost perfect circle above his yoke, and the tips overlapped. If that buffalo had been hers she would have tied the overlapping horn-tips together with a blue hair-ribbon. And then all the other buffaloes on Chowringhee would have looked and smiled at last, saying: "There goes the one member of our race whom somebody loves. . . ." STELLA BENSON.

HOMER IN CURRENT ENGLISH*

ACCORDING to Matthew Arnold every age demands its own version of Homer. The Elizabethans had their Chapman, the eighteenth century its Pope, the Victorian age its Butcher and Lang and now Mr. Caulfeild offers a translation in the current language of the twentieth century. Of the previous versions we have mentioned the best is that of Chapman, which is hallowed by the fact that it opened the eyes of Keats to the greatest romance the world has ever produced. In its day the Butcher and Lang translation was held in high esteem, but we feel now that a mistake was made with regard to it. At the time when Professor Butcher and Mr. Andrew Lang were busy in its composition Tudor English in learned circles was the rage. About that time Mr. Charles Whibley was engaged in preparing for the press some of the more celebrated Tudor translations. The richness, nobility and unceasing variety of the prose into which they were Englished provoked an admiration second only to that felt for the authorised version of the Bible. Time has not withered nor custom staled the infinite variety of these translations. They will always remain an important part of English literature. It is otherwise with the nineteenth century imitation, the reproduction of archaic words and Biblical phrases and the other devices used by Mr. Andrew Lang to give suitable expression in English to the Greek of Homer are Wardour Street. Had Mr. Andrew Lang lived longer he would probably have amended the wording of his translation or discarded it altogether, for if ever a man were susceptible to the scholastic feeling of the hour in which he lived it was he.

Mr. Caulfeild has gone to the very opposite extreme. Passages there are which show him capable of rendering a poet in poetic diction. But he has a shy English way of concealing this infirmity.

Andrew Lang sinned in good company, for Tennyson set him the example, as will be perceived at once when certain passages in "The Lotus-Eaters" are compared with Mr. Caulfeild's rendering of the lines in Ode 9. His description of the "mild-eyed melancholy lotus-eaters" is:

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores;

Mr. Caulfeild describes the lotus-eaters simply as

. . . the men whose food is a flower.
There did we go on shore and replenish our barrels with water,
And, by the side of the ships, we at last had a meal in comfort.

But, after drinking and eating for needful refreshment, I sent out Some of our men as scouts, to explore the country: who had not Gone very far before they encountered the Lotus-eaters. These had no thought of harm towards our comrades, but gave them Fruit of the lotus to eat, that fruit which is sweeter than honey, Which, if a man once tastes, he cares no more for returning, Nor to send word to his friends, but to stay with the Lotus-eaters, Plucking the lotus flower, forgetful of home and of kindred.

This is admirably direct, but it would have been well had such bourgeois phrases been omitted as "replenish our barrels with water": "we at last had a meal in comfort": "eating for needful refreshment." If the shade of Homer could read Tennyson's lines and indulge in the irreverent criticism of the twentieth century he would probably say that they are too damned artistic.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted with an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;

He would probably prefer the homespun of Mr. Caulfeild:

Place they have none to meet for debate, nor customs established
But, far away on the crests of the lofty mountains, they dwell in
Caves hollowed out of the rock: and each is a law to his children
And to his wives: and none takes thought or cares for his neighbour.

These were the Round-eyes, but doubtless the lines suggested Tennyson's finished—may we say too finished—picture. Any just comparison will not be wholly favourable to Mr. Caulfeild because of his incurable tendency to fall into colloquialism.

And, to the rest of my comrades, I gave most urgent injunctions,
With not a moment's delay, to hurry on board our galleys,
Lest they should taste the lotus, and lose all wish for returning.

"Most urgent injunctions" is the phrase of a merchantman. The direct and homely language, however, is beautifully used both in descriptive passages and in rendering the Homeric metaphor. What could be better than this likening of the journey of Hermes to the flight of a sea fowl?

Holding the wand in his hand, he flew, strong Slayer of Argus,
O'er the Pierian mount, and swooped from the air to the ocean,
Skimming along as a seagull does o'er the terrible hollows
Of the unfruitful sea the while he is hunting for fishes,
Dipping his wings full oft in the salt sea brine as he passes:
So, for many a league, did Hermès ride o'er the billows.

En passant this quotation may be recommended to Dr. Ward for propaganda purposes. It shows that the old blind minstrel knew the fondness of gulls for fish. Simplicity and power are combined in the description of the wrecking of the raft of Odysseus before he reached the land of the Phæaciens.

While he was pondering thus, the great Earth-Shaker Poseidon Raised up a mighty wave on the deep, and launched it against him Dreadful it was to behold, and terribly overarching. And, as a gust of wind will suddenly strike on a heap of Light dry chaff, and whirl and scatter it hither and thither, So did the great wave scatter the logs of the raft: but Odysseus Climbed upon one of the logs and rode it astride like a horseman.

Others might be taken almost at random:

As, on some August day, the keen North wind may be driving Thistle seeds over the plain, and they hang in clusters together, So, by the wind and the sea, was the raft driven hither and thither Now 'twas before the South, and now 'twas before the North wind While, in its turn, the West succeeded the East as pursuer.

Homer in all probability never was beyond "the dreadful hearing of the deep" and it runs behind all those wonderful lines of his, in which, in the terms of the preface, one constantly hears "the sea ever beating on the golden sand of the island."

* *The Odyssey*, translated into English Verse in the original metre by Francis Caulfield. (Bell.)

SCIENCE AT THE ROYAL

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, looking extraordinarily healthy and happy, was favoured with splendid weather when he visited the Royal Show on Wednesday. It was one of June's most glorious days of sunshine.

Multitudes that seemed without number were present, though the keepers of the gate will reduce the vague impressions of the spectator to definite figures. That does not matter. Never could one stop before a feature of the Show without getting into a throng. From the conversation that went on it was apparent that although there was a goodly sprinkling of sight-seers attracted mostly by the chance of giving the King a rousing cheer at close quarters, the percentage of those who had a practical knowledge of crop and stock was always in the ascendant. One distinguished the mere visitor from the expert by the questions they asked. "Are these really the mares?" "Do these black bulls shed their horns like deer?" Innumerable were the questions of this kind made by fair visitors, though there were plenty of women whose remarks were as acute and searching as any of the men. Derby is a very sporting town and the comments of the critics in homespun had the salt that comes from knowledge. There was one in especial to whom I listened with delight. A group of companions addressed him as "Garge" and they were congregated close to the rails at the time when His Majesty formed one of a very large company watching the jumping trials. One of the competitors happened to be a strange, clumsy-looking rider, wearing an almost square tall hat and sitting his horse in a very original method of his own. "Call him off; what business had he to enter," said those who had only a little knowledge. A titter of agreement spread round and away like the enlarging circular wave when you throw a stone into a pond. "Garge" dissented. "'Unts the season," he said. "'E don't never make a mistake. Wot about 'is 'at if 'e can ride? Weedy-looking gee did you say? I'll bet anybody five bob to a tanner that 'e's over at every jump." And "Garge" was right.

The King had before this made a tour of the Show. It was one of the best ever held by the Royal and well worthy of the preceding Shows held in the same town. Derby never fails to make good on these occasions. Mr. Charles Adeane, who looks with the jealous eye of a treasurer as well as a breeder, told the writer that he thought this exhibition was one of the very best. The exhibits were up to the highest standard. Only one weakness declared itself. Light land cannot by any skill in farming be made to do so well as the clay in the hottest June we have had for over a hundred years. From the sandy districts of Suffolk and Norfolk you will look in vain for any record crop and equally in vain for a marked success with pedigree stock. Even so extremely well farmed an estate as Sandringham cannot do itself justice in a year of no rain.

It would be beyond the capacity of the writer and the limits of space to condense into an article of any reasonable length the merest survey of all the branches of agriculture and other collaterals. The huge catalogue extends to 428 pages dealing with live stock and so on, with an addition of over 200 pages devoted to agricultural machinery. It is all closely printed matter, pure statement of fact, so it will be better to confine oneself to what may be considered the salient feature of the Show. This is to be found in the evidence afforded by an extraordinary advance in the application of scientific knowledge to husbandry. True it has not been born in a night, but immense strides have been made since the beginning of the war. From time to time it has been noticed that the new farmer takes a far more enlightened view of the resources of science than his predecessor, and the Derby Show is not to be regarded as a solitary phenomenon, but rather the highest point yet reached in a building process which has

been going on steadily. Science is, of course, manifested most conspicuously in the splendid array of agricultural implements, but as another contributor has dealt with the most notable improvements and novelties, they may here be passed by, though in doing that one cannot help saying a word about the extraordinary fascination exercised by what must be an unparalleled collection of tip-top machinery and exceedingly interesting labour-saving devices. Nor, perhaps, is it necessary to say much, although the theme is extremely tempting, about the more scientific and exact methods adopted for preparing the live stock for this ordeal. A great deal of it, at any rate, lies below the surface. The science of breeding is in itself a large subject, but one can only see the results in the show-yard and draw an inference as to the painstaking research, backed by the soundest judgment, with which the important matter of mating is conducted nowadays. One consequence of it may be noted by every reader of the newspapers. This is the extraordinary prices which pedigree stock of the highest strains command in the market. Last year and this form a record-breaking period in this respect. The only moral we would like to draw is a very apparent one. It is that every breeder of live stock, ranging from those who carried off the honours for the magnificent heavy horses—Shires, Clydesdales, Suffolk Punches and Percherons—and the really splendid cattle, of which the Shorthorn continues to take the lead, down to those who give their attention to such small beer as rabbits and chickens, finds it well worth his while to pay highly for the best bred sire and dam that his pocket can afford. All experience goes to show that the best is the cheapest and that is the basic fact which counts for the keen competition when pedigree stock comes up for sale.

Science was very evident in the Show itself. Take the case of artificial manures as an example. A few years ago it was the fashion among the majority of farmers to pooh-pooh artificials. The old-fashioned Giles banked on farmyard manure. He attributed the success he achieved to what a Northern farmer called "muck; gud muck, sir." But in the way that merchants recommended their wares, the new spirit was very visible. One noticed particularly the experimental pot which showed the control grown without manure, and beside it stood the pot with cereals, grass or other vegetation, proving the efficaciousness of the particular manure or manures which was dealt with at the stall.

Dairying again has become most extremely scientific and in this work the Midland Counties were the pioneers. The Modern Agriculture and Dairying College has a great record for the investigation of scientific methods and the spread of technical education. The branch dealing with Agricultural Education was to a great extent devoted to microbes in one form or another. Both the Midland College and the National Institute for Research in Dairying showed many charts and other informative productions showing the way to maintain the purity of milk and the sources of bacteriological contaminations. If any old-fashioned farmer strayed in that direction he could scarcely help going away with the resolution to abolish his old uncleanly system and adopt the simple and sound methods by which the production of clean milk is maintained. We know that the movement is spreading and spreading throughout the whole of England and still there is much ground to cover; hence the very great benefit to be derived from such exhibits as were produced by the agricultural education side of the Show. We have singled out the dairying, but it must not be assumed that this constituted the whole. Many other important branches were covered.

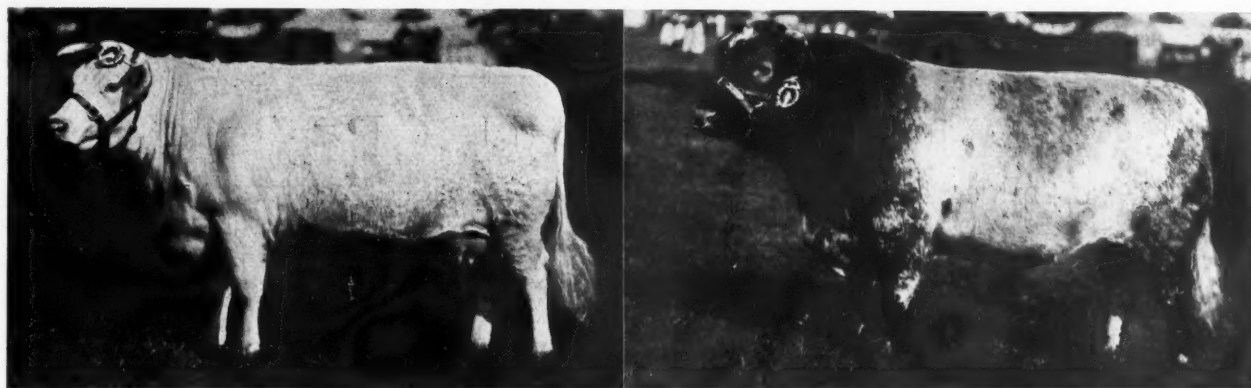
It was the same in the forestry exhibition. The competitions for various kinds of timber were extremely interesting and



CHAMPION SOUTHDOWN RAM.

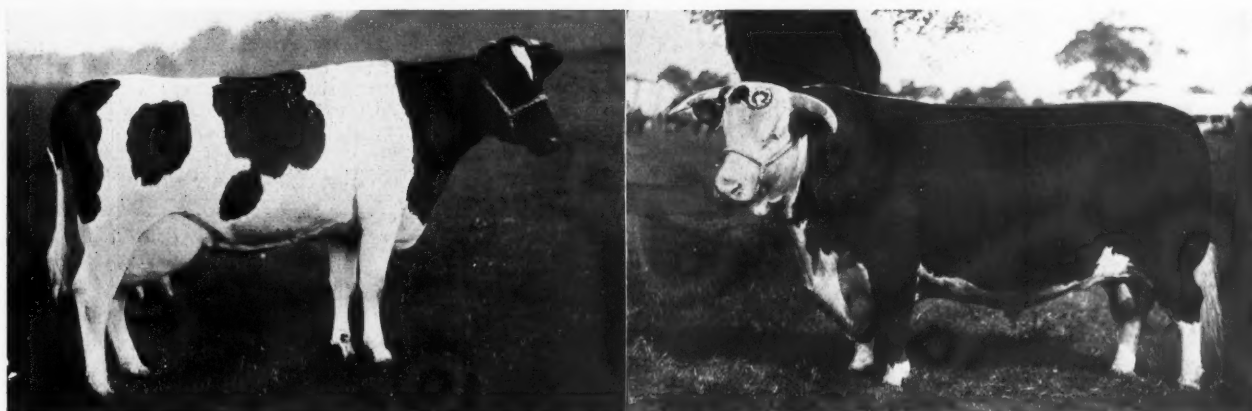
CHAMPION MIDDLE WHITE BOAR.

CHAMPION SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.



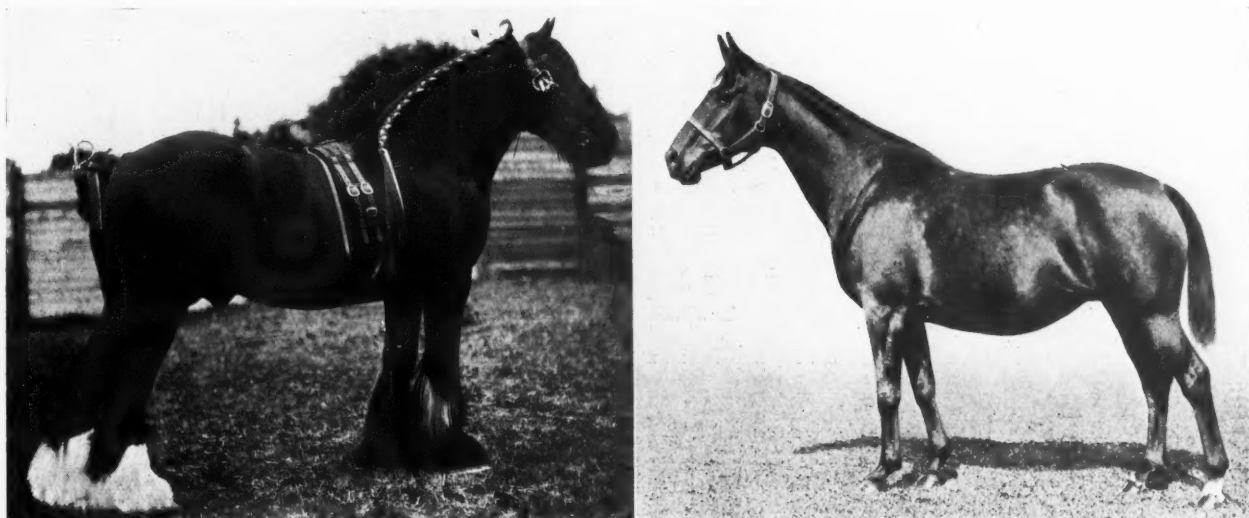
MISCHIEF, CHAMPION FEMALE SHORTHORN.

BRIDGEBANK PAYMASTER, CHAMPION SHORTHORN BULL.



HEDGES (IMPORTED) FROUKJE III, CHAMPION FRIESIAN COW.

MANSEL HANDYMAN, CHAMPION HEREFORD BULL.



MARDEN PREMIER, CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION.

HEATHER III, CHAMPION HUNTER MARE.

SOME CHAMPIONS AT THE ROYAL.

the public concerned with forestry is very much indebted to such men as the Earl of Leicester, Earl Manvers, Major Morrison, the Duke of Portland, Lord Yarborough, the Duke of Devonshire and others for forwarding so many instructive exhibits. It was at least as interesting to examine the evidence of various enemies sent from Charborough Park Estate, Wareham (page 419), through Mr. H. R. Munro the forester. There was a collection of fungi injurious to various trees and shrubs, specimens to show the effect of good, bad and indifferent pruning of hard wood and conifers; specimens of various trees damaged by field mice, pine weevils and roe deer, along with other exhibits, each of which carried its own direct lesson to the practical forester. Incidentally, one was extremely interested in Mr. Palgrave Elnore's willow exhibition. We had a few moments of delightful conversation with Mr. Elnore about the ancient and modern use of willows. How old the industry is he cannot tell. We know that when Ulysses built his raft of tree stems on which he left the island bower of Circe, he gathered willows and made a wickerwork to enclose

and protect his curious craft. Till lately it was usual to do the same thing with the coracles on the Severn and the Wye and it is only within recent times that a modern substitute has been found for this device, which is probably as old as the oldest attempt at a boat made by primitive men to float down one of our inland rivers. Mr. Elnore told me that he had passed the three score and ten limit, and he is so full of willow lore as almost to make one forget the materially more important aspects of the Show.

The system of offering prizes, not only for timber crops and hard wood and conifers, but for the best examples of systematic management of woodland areas, and for plantations is excellent. These are matters which cannot be brought up at a show. Results only can be given. What one wants to do rather than enumerate winners is to visit the best of these estates and describe them as they stand. Example is always better than precept and we hope at some not very distant date to describe and illustrate some of the most notable of the forestry estates in this country.

P.

QUO VADIS EUROPA?

BEING LETTERS OF TRAVEL FROM THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE IN THE YEAR 1921.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

IX.—FROM WARSAW.

AS at Constantinople, there is great overcrowding. There are three times as many people on the pavements as on the pavements of Vienna or Prague. The Marzalkowsky is a-flocking from end to end. Finding a room for the night is a hard task. You will see a great deal of Warsaw before you find a room. It is not a bad way to obtain a first impression. I arrived at one in the afternoon and found a place for myself only at ten at night. The once luxurious Hôtel Bristol was full to-day, no hope for to-morrow—no, nor for to-morrow week. At the Royal Hotel a lugubrious porter says that *l'hôtel n'existe plus*. The Victoria, which was the first hotel I ever stayed at in Russia, knew me no more. At the Métropole a preoccupied clerk said *Nima* without looking up from the news from the Silesian front which was engrossing him. I went into a terribly shabby and dirty hotel called the Amerikansky and hoped they would say "No," which they certainly did. Another doubtful establishment with girls on the stairs was also gorged and replete with visitors. The Y.M.C.A. said they had enough trouble finding rooms for their own people. The Hôtel de Rome was occupied by the Red Cross. The Kowiensky was *alles besetzt*; the Hôtel de Saxe had not even a hope.

These efforts were naturally punctuated by visits to the Polish "Bar" and café. At these it came as somewhat of a surprise to have tips refused. I paid for my dinner and added the customary 10 per cent.—the waiter drew himself up and waved his hand in deprecation.

"No, no," said he proudly. "I'm Polish."

"What, no tips now!"

"No."

"That is certainly an improvement," I reflected. In Warsaw, in Russian days, most waiters fawned disgustingly for tips; but it seems now as if there were an entirely new population. However, I resumed my quest of a lodging. At the Imperial Hotel they kindly relieved me of my knapsack and overcoat and advised me to come back at eight or nine at night—there might be a room then. Meanwhile, I should continue seeking. So the Cracowsky was tried, and the Lipsky, once Leipzig, and the Adlon and the Pretoria, and many another haunt of mice and men. Then I returned to the Imperial for the second time. No, there was no room. It had been a lovely day, only too hot, and the evening was warm. I thought pleasantly of the Saxon Gardens and its seats.

Then Poland revealed itself. "You want a room very badly, don't you?" said the Imperial Hotel porter. "I'll arrange it for you; but it will cost you something. You take my card to a certain hotel which I will mention to you, hand it to the porter and give him a thousand marks, and he'll fix you up at once."

So I repaired to the Hôtel Vienna, opposite the Vienna Station. The night porter was very pessimistic; would not take the thousand marks. "Come back in an hour," said he in a loud voice, "if there is a room then you'll have it—if not, you can't."

I went out to an orchestral "bar" near by and supped. When I came back the porter asked quietly for the thousand marks and gave me the key of "Number Five." "At your service," said he demurely.

Warsaw has greatly changed during the time I have known it, from the days of panic and police-assassinations in 1906

when the miserable green wagons of open horse-trams wobbled along the main ways, and it seemed a city of endless cobbled stones. Warsaw was being governed by Russia much as we govern Ireland now, and murders of constabulary alternated with reprisals in which the innocent suffered more than the guilty. Strangely enough, the relentless methods of official Russia succeeded in subduing the revolutionaries, and in a few years was seen a calm and prosperous condition of affairs which lasted until the outbreak of the late war. A handsome service of electric trams and a great new bridge over the Vistula raised Warsaw's level from an external point of view, and made it something like a modern city. Then came the war, the German aeroplanes and their bombs, the violent attacks and the panics, shell-fire, the blowing-up of bridges, wild exodus of Warsaw people and entry of the Germans. Of the people who fled into Russia in 1915 few seem to have returned. Their places have been filled by Poles from German and Austrian Poland. The German-speaking Pole has displaced the Pole who knew Russian.

The Germans, of course, held the city from the summer of 1915 until the Armistice, and they repaired the bridges and instituted German order in the city. The miracle of the Armistice raised Poland from death, and now we have Warsaw as capital of a large new State. The maps of Poland in the streets, Poland as she is plus Poland as she believes she will be, show a country considerably larger than Germany.

It used to seem rather amusing in the drinking scene in "The Brothers Karamazof" when the Pole Vrublevsky in proposing the health of Russia inserted the proviso: "To Russia, with the boundaries she had before 1772." But it is a serious matter to-day. For Poland has not only reached most of the boundaries of 1772, but some of them she has even transgressed, and still she asks more.

Poland is at enmity with all her neighbours, and by some of them is hated, loathed and despised. And as an offset to the surrounding nations she has one open and rather noisy friendship, and that is with France. England she considered to be her enemy even before the British Government stated its view on the question of Silesia. She had decided to help France, and France had promised to help Poland, and England stood in the way of all manner of injustice and aggression. It is pathetic to think now of the work done for Poland by England during the war, the meetings that were held, the encouragement given to Paderewski, Dmowski and others, the immense sums subscribed to the Great Britain to Poland Fund and to the Polish Relief Fund. These latter "charities" printed the woes of Poland in the advertisement columns of the British Press for years, and collected the shillings and pounds of the benevolent everywhere. But you did not see such work being done for Poland in France. But perhaps it is not easy to find the Poles who benefited by British "charity." How much Great Britain subscribed and how the money was distributed is not generally known. And, in any case, who cares?

The Germans disdain the Poles wordlessly. It is not easy to get a German to discuss the Polish people. The Russians do not like the Poles, but they are indulgent toward them and wait the day when Russia will wipe out insults. "Russia has plenty of time," is the formula. It must be a little galling to the Russian refugees, of whom General Wrangel estimates there are 100,000 in Poland, to see every public notice in the Russian language blued out as if there were no Russian-speaking people, to see Russian monuments cast down and

churches despoiled of their golden domes; but they bear it with equanimity, biding their time. The other neighbouring States are distrustful or aloof. In a friendship with France, however, Poland would make up for all other enmities. Marshal Pilsudsky, with the glory of having defeated the Russians and won a victorious peace, is now pictured with Napoleon. He is even represented on picture post-cards pinning an order of merit on the breast of Napoleon, the occasion being the centenary of Napoleon's death. Pilsudsky is a man of sentiment, and when he made his important diplomatic journey to Paris last February he bore with him a picture of Joan of Arc by Jan Matejko in order to express the gratitude of the Polish people to France. In Pilsudsky's honour a lesson in Polish geography and history was ordered to be given in all the schools of France on February 5th last.

Prince Sapieha and Marshal Pilsudsky negotiated a secret treaty with France on that occasion—not with the Allies as a whole, but with France. As a seasonal fruit of that treaty came the Silesian adventure supported by France. Guns, machine-guns, rifles and ammunition were run over into the plebiscite area, and a mercenary "insurrectionary" army was raised, partly from the local Polish population and partly from Poland proper. An army which the French Government held to be capable of intimidating the League of Nations garrison of ten thousand fully equipped men was thus improvised. The supposition is that interested parties connived at its improvisation. It could not otherwise have sprung spontaneously into being. After the first week of the rising many of the insurgents began to desert the leader Korfanty on the ground that their wages were not high enough. Much money had to be spent in the affair. It might be asked what interest has France to support Poland—is it sentiment? Many will attribute it to a French quixoticism which, in truth, does not exist. France will be ready to drop Pilsudsky, as she has dropped Wrangel, when it suits her. But the French programme for Europe includes the complete dismantling of the German Empire, and by taking away Upper Silesia from Germany another great victory would be won in the war after the war. Therefore, it has been worth while.

The Franco-Polish intrigue was only too manifest this May in Warsaw's streets. Ascension and the centenary of the death of Napoleon were on the same day. It was made into Napoleon Day and was a great festival. One of the principal squares had its name changed to Place Napoleon. There was a public Mass for the repose of Napoleon's soul. A statue of Napoleon was unveiled. There were military processions and the fêting of the French military mission, special honours for General du Moriez who brought "les précieuses reliques de Napoleon" to Poland, and of General Niessel and of M. de Panalieu, France's Minister Plenipotentiary in Poland. The street crowds stopped the cars and lifted the Frenchmen on to their shoulders and carried them to plaudits and joy-shrieks and brass-bands. It was amusing to see a diminutive French officer with grey head and beard, sprawling thus on a moving couch of Polish hands while he waved his hat and was pelted from all hands with cowslips and lilac. Vive la France! Vive la France! Polish Cossacks with white pennants on their lances come trotting through and break the crowds, and then come artillery men and their guns, and then French diplomatic personalities protected by mounted guards with flashing sabres. The surging populace intervenes, and sways and gives and closes again. Here comes a great banner on which is embroidered the ominous white vulture of risen Poland, the ghostly bird that has sojourned a hundred years in the death kingdoms, and on the reverse side of the banner is depicted the Madonna and Child. The crowd becomes instantly bareheaded, and the Germans in it wisely take off their hats, too. Polish patriots follow, dressed in white and bearing aloft notice-boards wreathed in coloured cloths. On the notice-boards are watchwords, "We will not give up our Silesia"; on others maps of the integral Poland showing the province of "Szczecin" in red. Specimens of insurrectionaries follow these sign-bearers, and they are dressed-up peasants and miners carrying scythes on poles; more crowds, more cheers! The Polish Press leaps its headlines in jingoism. Street politicians with bells bawl declamations across the many-headed. Windows open on third-floors and clouds of political leaflets are scattered to the wind.

The same demonstrations with the same banners parade for days. On Sunday there is a review in front of the Russian Cathedral, and a French General pins decorations on Polish heroes. Great throngs in the streets sing the Marseillaise bareheaded. Warsaw breathes in and breathes out—hot air. Not all the Poles, however, share in this excitement. There were many in Warsaw who looked on coldly at the proceedings. "There is a Governmental *claque* that starts all these demonstrations," said one of them. "There is a group of well paid demonstrators who always lead the way. You ought not to be deceived by that any more than by the new posters on the walls every day. Bill-stickers are sent out by the Government each night. The people do not paste up these posters themselves. Most of us are in a desperate plight trying to earn an honest living. The only way to get rich is to work in with the administration and share in the spoils."

It is a common opinion that the low value of the Polish mark (over three thousand to the pound sterling*) is due to the

Government printing it *ad libitum* to meet its private ends. It is a gross scandal that the exchange value should have so fallen. With such a currency it is doubtful whether the present constitution of Poland can last. It already isolates Poland economically from the rest of Europe, and she cannot import goods even from Germany at such a rate. There is a vast, poor, seedy, underfed population. Food is comparatively cheap, and the peasant is evidently being quietly robbed by giving him only a fifth of the money value of his products; but, even so, a tiny loaf of bread costs twenty marks. There is butter. There is no sugar (at cafés there is liquid saccharine, and you pass the saccharine bottle from one to another). An obligatory seventy-five mark dinner of two courses is served at the restaurants, but the mass of the people live on bread and sausage.

There has been a great exodus from the Ghetto to Russia, and Warsaw can no longer be said to be predominantly a Jewish city. The dignified Semite in his black gaberdine and low-crowned hat is now only an occasional figure on the Jeroliminska and Nowy Swiat. And the poor Jews of the slums are not so multitudinous as they were.

An interesting diversion from politics was provided by a visit to the Polish theatre where Shakespeare's "Kupiec Wenecki" was being performed. The main interest was naturally in Shylock. The Polish actors made very attractive Italian signors. Portia was a full-bosomed Polish beauty who, with a male voice, made a fine effect as Doctor of Law. The Prince of Morocco and Shylock were, however, ethnographical studies. The Moor roared and barked and cut about in the air with his scimitar, and made the ladies scream and the audience laugh. Shylock was deliciously overstudied. The daily life of Warsaw was added to the grandeur of a rich Oriental merchant. Shylock's cleverness and intellectual assurance were obscured by funninesses, such as a sing-song Potash-and-Perlmutter speech breaking into gabble, finger-counting, and beard-stroking, lying flat in the street and howling; but the audience appreciated this highly and clapped only Shylock. It was otherwise an old-fashioned performance. The Polish stage has not developed very much. Polish literature has increased considerably, and there are many shops well stocked with new Polish books. You seldom see a foreign book in a shop-window. Russian books seem almost entirely to have disappeared.

A remarkable feature of the city's architecture to-day is the Russian Cathedral with its slate-coloured domes divested of gold and divested of crosses, a mighty white stone building in the pride of place in the city. Who is responsible for the damage it would be difficult to say. Probably both Poles and Germans had something to do with it. The Kolokolnaya is blown up. The walls of the cathedral stream externally with pitch. Many of the frescoes inside have been damaged and the gold ornaments taken away. It is a grand Orthodox interior, breathing the spirit of Russia from every wall. It was regarded rather as a calculated affront to Poland in the old days—as the Russian population in Warsaw was not large. Now, however, a Roman Catholic altar has been erected, chairs have been brought in. There is a holy-water basin at the main entrance, an organ sounds forth from the choir's gallery, and a Polish priest drones the Latin liturgy. Multitudes of Poles flock in on Sunday morning, smiling, untroubled, unself-conscious; bowing, kneeling on one knee, piously crossing themselves in Latin style. If there are Russians in the congregation they make no sign. But what must they be feeling!

The appropriation of the cathedral is, no doubt, justified; but there is something in the coolness of it, in the hate of it and lack of tact which breeds the opposite of Christian charity in human hearts. The Slavs have much to learn. By the stealing of trains, the purloining of cathedrals, and false pretensions to their neighbours' lands, the Poles are showing that there is yet national tragedy ahead for them. They will be deceived by some nations and slaughtered by others. What have we raised her from the dead for—but to live again, to live and let live. All have rejoiced in the risen Poland, even the old destroyers of Poland, Germany, Russia and Austria, all rejoiced until they realised the nature of the phantom. The beautiful white eagle that leapt from the tomb is a more sinister bird to-day, blood-ravenous and scanning far horizons.

* The Polish mark plunges towards nothingness, and is now over 8,500 to the £ sterling.

BOOKS WORTH READING

FICTION.

- An Enthusiast*, by E. E. Somerville. (Longmans, Green, 8s. 6d.)
Signs and Wonders, by J. D. Beresford. (Golden Cockerel Press, 5s.)
The Hall and the Grange, by Archibald Marshall. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Life of Sir Alfred Newton*, by A. F. R. Wollaston. (Murray, 18s.)
Roving East and Roving West, by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen, 5s.)
History of the Port of London, by Sir Joseph Broodbank. (Daniel O'Connor, two volumes, £3 3s.)



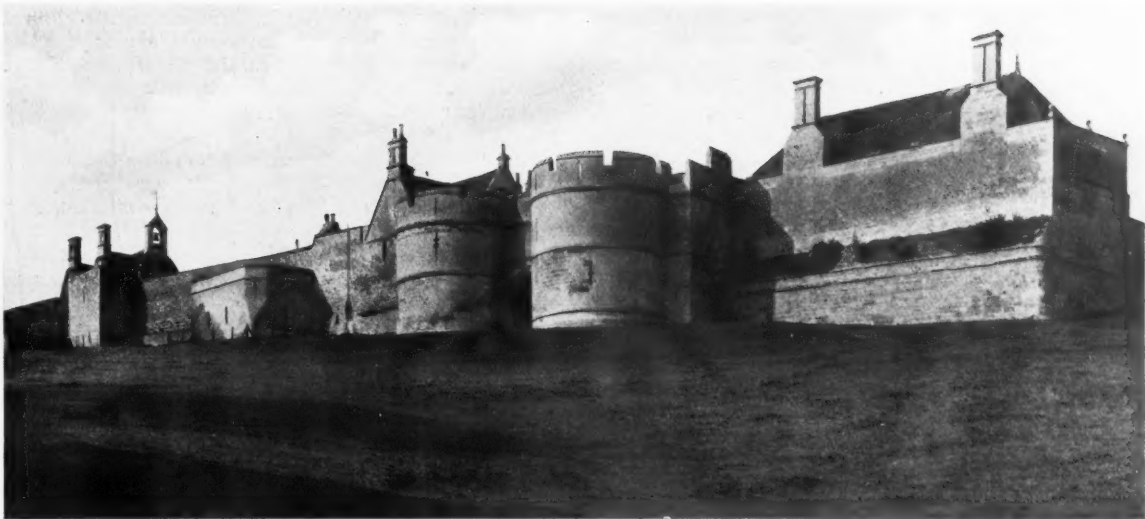
THE river Welland, rising in the Naseby district, that "fair Fount of Welland," as Michael Drayton has it, flows in a north-easterly direction and eventually falls into the Wash. On its way it passes through Market Harborough, which it occasionally floods to a depth of several feet, and then in sluggish, devious and divided fashion it continues its course towards Stamford, forming for many miles the boundary between Northamptonshire on the south and Leicestershire and Rutland on the north. During the lapse of ages it has made for itself a wide but well defined valley flanked by ground of fair altitude, which on the Northamptonshire side descends rather abruptly to the valley, and on the opposite side is broken up into hills divided by little valleys running into the country beyond. The declivities on the south are steeper and deeper than those which characterise Northamptonshire generally, and they impart a special interest to the scenery, offering as they do prospects wider in extent than any to be found in the county, save those obtained from the high land near Cold Ashby and from Honey Hill in particular.

The edge of the steep southern slope is irregular, and on one of its small promontories stands the Castle of Rockingham. It stands, moreover, on a site which has probably been inhabited since a period long prior to the existence of any written or oral records. For within the precincts of the castle

is a great mound which may have been the home of a primitive race, and was almost certainly the "castle" of one Bovi, who is mentioned in Domesday Book as being the possessor. The castles which were in existence before the Conquest were, nearly all of them, earthworks and not, as the term suggests, built of stone. However this may be, William the Conqueror caused a castle of stone to be built here, and he placed the great keep on this mound. The keep has gone as completely as Bovi and his predecessors, and a rose garden now occupies a spot which must have throbbed, long ages ago, with the joys and fears of hardy men and scarce less hardy women.

The Conqueror followed his usual policy in thus perpetuating the strong places of the race he conquered. But a great inducement in this instance was the vast forest of Rockingham, to which both he and his royal successors frequently resorted for the pleasures of the chase. The forest in those days extended from Stamford in the north-east to Northampton in the south-west, and from the Nen on the south-east to the Welland on the north-west, an area of some thirty-three miles by an average of eight or more. Rockingham lay about midway on the north-west boundary. It must not be supposed that a forest was all trees. Rockingham forest comprised much cultivated land, many villages, and two or three towns, some of which still possess churches which were old when the Conqueror landed on these shores. At intervals in this large





Copyright.

2.—THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—WALKER'S HOUSE FROM THE NORTH WITH THE MEDIÆVAL GATEWAY BEYOND.

"C.L."



Copyright.

4.—THE MEDIÆVAL GATEWAY.

The kitchen wing is to the left and Walker's House to the right.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tract of country the king had houses or hunting-lodges (sometimes thought of as palaces) for his greater convenience in hunting over the whole forest, which was divided into the three bailiwicks of Rockingham, Brigstock and Clive. Such houses he had at Brigstock, Clive, now called King's Cliffe, and Geddington, near Kettering. Geddington Chase still remains as a large wood, the lineal descendant of the ancient forest; and in the village of Geddington is the best preserved of that remarkable series of crosses erected to the memory of Eleanor, the beloved wife of Edward I, at the places where the queen's body rested on its long journey from Harby in Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster, where she was buried. The last of the series was Charing Cross, a name which seldom brings a thought of the queen to those who have

Rockingham Castle stands, then, in a commanding position overlooking the Welland. Its position affords it wide views up and down the valley and over the country beyond; and this extensive prospect, which is now one of its sources of pleasure, was, we may well believe, of vital importance to the primitive people who first settled here. The site is protected on three sides by the steep fall of the ground, and on the fourth it used to be protected by a ditch which has long been filled in and lies, we may suppose, beneath the fair lawns of the pleasure grounds. The castle must, from the outset, have been of large size, since a great council of the nobility, bishops and clergy assembled in the chapel here as early as 1095 (the King himself, William II, sitting apart with his private council) to discuss the momentous question of the allegiance of Anselm, Archbishop



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5.—THE ENTRANCE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The wing partly shown, to the right, was founded in 1553, and rebuilt in 1631.

occasion to use it. The reason for Geddington having so beautiful a memorial is to be found in the fact that the king had a residence there.

All these houses have disappeared except Rockingham Castle, which was the most important. Their approximate sites are known, and possibly at Brigstock the ancient manor-house may have succeeded the royal lodge; but, old as it is, there is nothing about it to suggest the occupancy of William I or his immediate successors. It is true that a vague tradition says that King John slept there "the night before he crossed the water" (meaning the Wash), but as on the same authority he slept in a bed of Jacobean date, too much importance should not be placed upon the tradition.

of Canterbury, whether it was primarily to the King or the Pope. The number of those in attendance is not stated, but if the gathering were at all representative, it would have been considerable, and, therefore, not only must the chapel have been spacious, but the accommodation of the castle ample. The archbishop, as it appeared, was at variance with his bishops and clergy on the question, and as he persisted in inclining to the side of the Pope, the prelates renounced him as their archbishop. He must either have been left severely alone by the rest of the assembly or he was thoroughly bored by the proceedings, for it is recorded that between the meetings he was twice found asleep in the chapel with his head against the wall. Some encouragement he did get, and that was from a common



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6.—THE NORTH OR ENTRANCE FRONT.

The entrance doorway is of about 1280. The kitchen wing to the left is dated 1584.

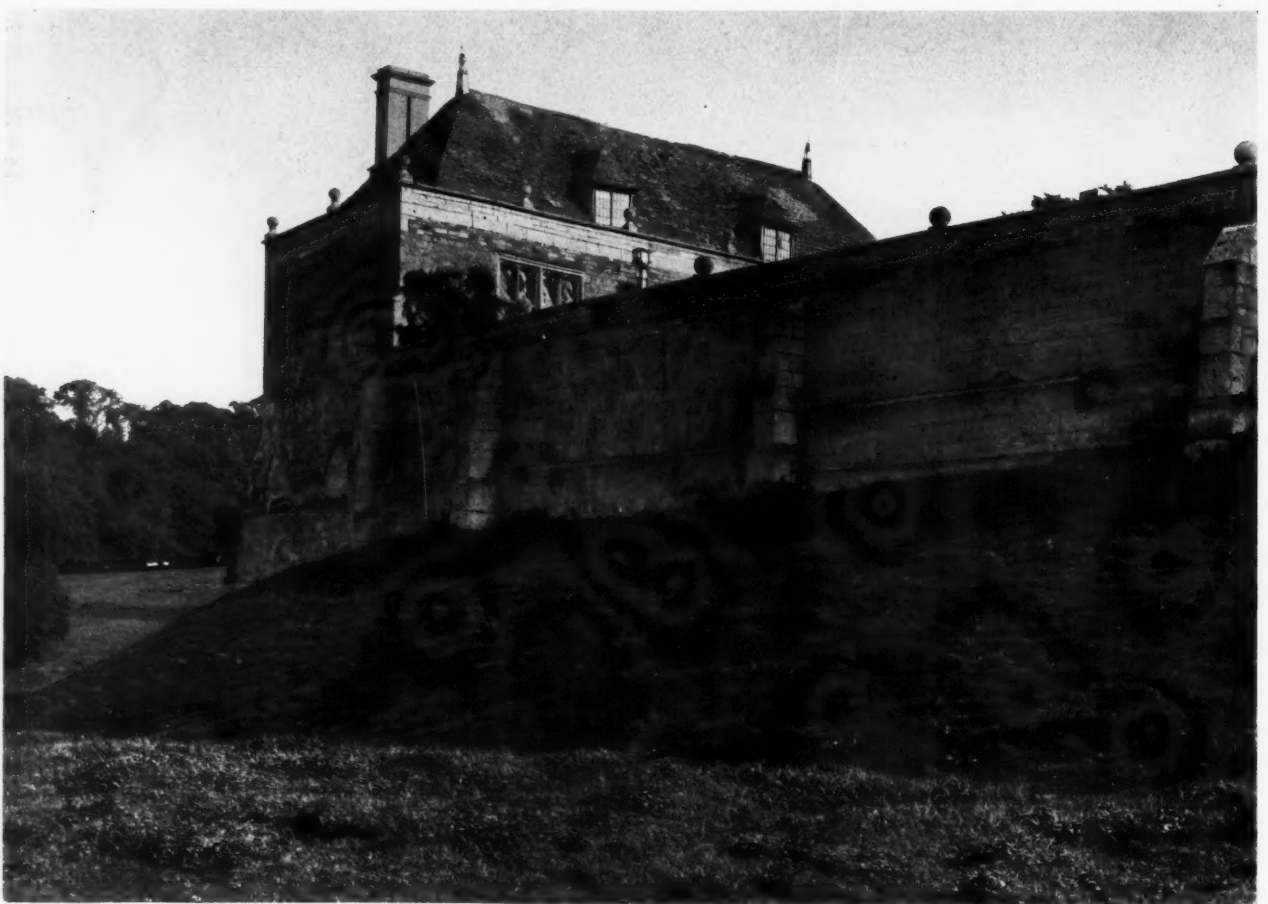
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—WALKER'S HOUSE (PROBABLY OF 1669).

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—AN OUTLYING CORNER WITH WALKER'S HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

soldier who sought him out and, "embracing his knees," exhorted him not to let his heart fail him.

This conclave, which brought together a more influential body of men, in proportion to the population, than any meeting of the present day could produce, took place in buildings that have long disappeared; indeed, some two centuries elapsed before the earliest part of the existing castle was built. And yet this, which is the entrance gateway (Fig. 1), is so early as to have no affinity with modern ideas.

There are but few incidents to stir the pulses recorded of Rockingham Castle. Such history as it has is chiefly concerned with huntings in the forest, with the detention of prisoners, with the daily routine of the king's visits, and in particular with the endless repairs required year in, year out. On one occasion it was besieged, in 1220, when William, Earl of Albemarle, was its constable. Henry III was then young, and his mother wrote entreating him to render her her just rights, including Rockingham Castle, which his father had bequeathed to her. The constable refused to surrender the castle, and, accordingly, one Fawkes de Breauté was instructed to gain possession. The castle held out for some time, but was eventually taken by surprise, when it was found that the garrison was without food. The young king was present at

further supplies, five casks to Rockingham, three to Cliffe, four to Geddington and four to Silverstone. Unless the accounts overlap, this was not the end, for during the same years four tuns of wine were sent to the castle from another source, ten pipes of wine were sent from Southampton and three casks from Boston. All this time Rockingham had its own vineyard, as most large establishments had, but it would seem that royalty had no high opinion of its products.

So much for the principal means of making merry at night: as to the other suggested diversion, it is on record that at Cliffe King John lost to the Earl of Salisbury 4s. 10½d. on one occasion, and 4s. 11d. on another.

Of John's successors, Henry III and the three Edwards, numerous visits are recorded, during some of which writs and documents of state are attested and signed. It was during the first visit of Edward I in 1275, a year after his coronation, that extensive alterations and additions to the castle were undertaken, and the entrance gateway and the new hall were built. In 1290 Edward came again to the castle thus repaired and partly new built and spent five days here. He was on his way to Scotland, and was, in all probability, accompanied by his queen, for, ten weeks later, on November 28th, she died at Harby, as already mentioned.



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9.—THE GARDEN FRONT WITH SALVIN'S TOWER TO THE LEFT (1848-50).

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the surrender, having been brought there to see something of warlike operations.

The ancient records of the castle, collected by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, show that all our early sovereigns came down here to hunt, King John especially, and however unworthy he may have been in other respects, he showed a discriminating taste in his affection for Rockingham and its forest,

In whose delightful bowres

The Fauns and Fayries make the longest days but hours.

So far as we can judge he made nothing of fawns and fairies, but spent his days in hunting and his nights in drinking and play, as did his descendants. For there are many entries in the Close Rolls concerning the wine which was sent here and to the neighbouring royal houses. Thus, in 1214 John ordered five casks of the best that could be found in London to be sent into Northamptonshire; one to Cliffe, one to Geddington, one to Silverstone, one to Salcey and one to Rockingham; and, if need were, a royal vehicle was to be used for their transport. Henry III was more lavish, for he sent in 1224 ten casks to Northampton, ten to Rockingham, three to Geddington and two to Cliffe. Two years later he sent yet

The last recorded visit of royalty, during the long period of absolute ownership by the King, is that of Edward III in 1375, on which occasion he ratified the truce which had been concluded at Bruges between him and Charles V of France.

The guardianship of the castle was entrusted to constables, who held it for periods dependent on the goodwill of the king. Four or five years was the usual length of tenure, occasionally it was but one year, and, again, in some cases it was for the life of the holder. As a considerable rent was paid for the privilege—as much as £80 in money of the time—there must have been something attractive in the position of constable, something more than the pleasure of hunting, one would imagine.

The duties of the constable were diverse. Among other things he had to see that the royal grants were not abused; he had to assist at the execution of traitors, to keep State prisoners in safe custody, to pay the garrison, to observe the legal provisions concerning such as came to tournaments, and to defend the possessions of the Church. So well was the last duty performed that the Abbot of Peterborough gradually deprived the king of certain rights of cutting timber and of enjoying the herbage in the Welland Valley. It was during



Copyright. 10.—THE LAUNDRY BUILDING (DATED 1669). "C.L."



11.—THE "STREET" LOOKING TOWARDS THE LAUNDRY.
A fragment of the mediæval work adjoins the Laundry on the left.

the constableness of Richard de Holebroc, about 1280, that these rights were ascertained to be lost, and it was the same constable who was accused of converting to his own use the grants for the repairs of the castle, as well as of destroying for his own benefit the wood of Corby, keeping charcoal burners there for six years, each of whom gave him £10 yearly so that they should not be removed. The constable denied the accusations, and the king promised an enquiry, of which, however, the result is not known. In any case, large sums were expended by Richard de Holebroc on the castle, which were allowed to him and to his son after the father's death. These payments were incurred yearly from 1276 to 1291 and may quite well represent the cost of the oldest existing work, namely, the gate-house, a stretch of wall adjoining it, and the great hall, of which, however, the pointed doorway is the only important feature left.

The records subsequent to 1375 are concerned chiefly with repairs which seem to point to considerable neglect; but even the repairs must eventually have ceased, for in the time of Henry VIII Leland reported that the lodgings within the area of the castle were uncovered and falling to ruin. The outer walls were yet standing, and the keep was "exceeding fair and strong," so much so that the general appearance of the castle was "right stately"; nevertheless, the place must have been little better than a ruin. Indeed, in order to provide suitable accommodation, a new lodge was erected in the adjoining park towards the close of the fifteenth century and continued in use for many years; but that, too, has gone and only its site can now be recognised. In spite of the decay of the castle, the forest and manor of Rockingham were of value, and we find them bestowed on several royal ladies. Edward III gave them to his mother, Henry VI to his queen, Margaret, and Edward IV to his queen, Elizabeth. But the royal interest in the place must have gradually yet steadily declined, for in 1554 a lease was granted to Edward Watson, ancestor of the present owner. His descendants purchased the freehold outright, and the castle has remained in the Watson family ever since.

It was the Watsons who, one after the other, made the castle once more into a dwelling. They built, in fact, a large house in Elizabethan and Jacobean times within the original precincts, utilising part of the old walls for the purpose, but retaining very few of the ancient features. The most striking of these is the entrance gateway (Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4). Some considerable length of the outside wall was retained, and on it they placed their new buildings so far as seemed necessary, but leaving a doorway or two to baffle antiquaries when puzzling out the exact history of the building. They retained the outer walls of the hall and solar, including the chief entrance doorway which is still the front door of the house (Fig. 6), and windows on the north and south fronts, now blocked up, but visible in the corners of the dining-room, which was originally, no doubt, the solar. Very little of this old work can be assigned to a date earlier than Edward I—to the period, that is, which saw the most interesting events connected with the castle, among which stand out the great conclave as to Anselm's allegiance, and the siege of William, Earl of Albemarle. But imagination can still please itself with picturing the martial form of Edward I passing through the very door at which one now rings for admittance, and with thinking that one lunches on the same spot where the truce of Bruges was ratified by Edward III. In the great hall the same monarch may have taken fealty of a neighbouring landholder and received from his hands the barbed arrow which he had to render as often as the king came here to hunt. If imagination declines these exercises as barren or far-fetched, a more prosaic use can, at least, be made of the great gateway, which, in spite of its having been refaced, shows how entrance to the castle was made difficult to all but those

who were welcome guests. For there may be seen the groove down which the portcullis rattled, and the narrow slits through which the defenders could discharge their deadly shafts. Within the massive circular walls are the bare and gloomy chambers which housed the guards and, perhaps, some of the cross-bowmen who were retained at a wage of 3d. per day. Although the upper part of the gate-house has been completely modernised, the lower chambers, especially on the south, retain a good deal of interesting detail.

Passing through this gateway up the steep incline, the house is seen on the left (Figs. 5 and 6), all of the Elizabethan

period (1584), except the pointed entrance door. To the right, and standing picturesquely at the extreme angle of the enclosure, is a building of 1665, called "Walker's house," indistinguishable in its detail, but for the hipped roof, from the work of eighty years earlier (Figs. 7 and 8). Further within the enclosure and raised above the entrance court is the garden flanked by a long and low wing of the house, effectively broken by a tower added by the architect Salvin (Fig. 9). At the back of the house and standing between it and the mound whereon the keep was built is another mullioned building used as a laundry (Figs. 10 and 11).

J. A. GOTCH.

LOOKING BACK ON WIMBLEDON

By F. R. BURROW.

WHEN most of the matches played in the Championships of 1921 have long been forgotten except by those who took part in them, two, at least, will be remembered long after the old Centre Court has passed away and the "new Wimbledon" is already effacing memories of the old. The two Wimbledon Saturdays were certainly very remarkable. The first for the Shimidzu-Lycett encounter, about which so much was written and so many hard things (in my opinion, unjustly) said; the second for the extraordinary Challenge Round in which W. T. Tilden retained his title against his youthful challenger, B. I. C. Norton, after being more than once within a single ace of losing it.

The one question asked by everybody of everybody else at the conclusion of the Challenge Round last Saturday afternoon was "What do you make of it?" It is, perhaps, an unwelcome sign of the democratisation (what a horrid word!) of lawn tennis that that question should have been asked. Yet the course which the game took in the third and fourth sets was almost sufficient to justify it. Norton was two sets up; and Tilden was looking very done—not unnatural in the case of a man who, although he very gallantly said that he was perfectly fit, cannot have been fully recovered from the effects of an operation which took place only a week before the Championships began. Now, a man in Norton's position—two sets up and an already tired opponent—may very well take a breather himself in the third set, if his opponent, in an expiring effort, should win the first two or three games of it. But, at the same time, the taking of a breather yourself ought to be combined with running your opponent about as much as possible—making him, in fact, work for his points instead of giving them away, and so further weakening and tiring him for the following set. Not only did Norton fail to do this, but he played the fourth set also with the same curious combination of slap-dash and listlessness, as if no shot were worth running a yard for. It may have been that carelessness in the third set had made him lose his touch; it may be that he was put off by the crowd being obviously partial to him and against Tilden. One further instance of the effects of the democratisation of the game certainly did put him off. This was when, Tilden having executed a beautiful drop-shot, some grossly ignorant person in the free stand called out, "Play the game, Tilden!" I am afraid the "park players" have yet much to learn! Though their own code of etiquette regards a short shot as a heinous offence, much in the same category as "potting the white" at billiards, it is none the less up to them to learn that the object of the game is to put the ball in such a place that your opponent cannot return it. In any case, at two sets all the match resumed a more normal course, and Tilden's greater experience just pulled him through at the finish. But it was a desperately near thing; and I am sorry for Norton. He is, after all, only a boy, and played with a boy's natural hatred of any injustice being shown to his opponent. He suffered, too, far more (on account of his youth) than Tilden did from the fact that the two players are very close personal friends. But personal friendships, however close, ought to be put temporarily on one side when two men meet in a match for the Championship of the World. The heart must be hardened; the mind steeled to accept good or bad fortune with equanimity; the will bent to the one end of "playing the game," but playing it to win. And that end must be kept in view from the first stroke to the last. A good critic of the game said to me afterwards that he was glad Norton did not win, because he had shown himself not to be a good enough match-player to be worthy of the title of World's Champion.

There is something to be said for this view, but it does not prevent me from being sorry for Norton. There were others who said that Alonso or Shimidzu would have beaten, and beaten easily, either Tilden or Norton on the day. It is, of course, unsatisfactory to think that the Championship has not brought out the best man as winner; but there is no occasion, in fact, so to think. Neither Alonso nor Shimidzu

has yet played in a Challenge Round. That one or both of them may do so in the future is likely enough: when they come to the supreme test it will be time enough to see how they face that very considerable ordeal. In the meantime Alonso beat Shimidzu in a long five-set match, Norton beat Alonso in a long five-set match, and Tilden beat Norton in a long five-set match. That is what did happen: what might have happened may be relegated to the category of "Ifs," which is the unsatisfying refuge of the argumentative.

On the whole it was a good Wimbledon. Not one of the greatest, because there was no outstanding figure, like Gerald Patterson in 1919, and W. T. Tilden last year, but still a Wimbledon full of interest and full of good play. Even the weaker players played well. One reason, of course, for this is because of the excellence of the courts. This is illustrated by an amusing remark I overheard one day when walking round: "How awfully well So-and-so is playing," said one man to another. "Yes," returned his friend, "the fact of the matter is people always do play well at Wimbledon. When they get on to courts like these after the ones they usually play on it seems to make them play better than they know how to!" Anyway, the play, taken as a whole, and considering the intense heat of the fortnight, was very good.

Mlle. Lenglen retained her championship with the greatest possible ease. She seems to exercise an even more paralysing influence over Miss Ryan than Miss Ryan does over most of the opponents she encounters. She has obtained such a complete mastery over the difficulties of stroke-making that it is interesting, and not a little amusing, to note that the "forbidden ground" (*i.e.*, that portion of the court which lies between the service line and the base line, and is so called because to remain in it normally invites disaster) is frequently converted by her into the base from which she conducts her leisurely operations. Against Miss Ryan she stood 2yds. or 3yds. inside the base line, and in the middle of the court; she never seemed to run, or even to move from that position. But she dealt out thence stroke after stroke which reduced Miss Ryan, if not to absolute impotence, to a condition in which she could only either return the ball straight and short to the French girl, or (more frequently) mis-hit it into the net or wide of the side-lines. I heard it described as an impudent performance; if so, it was impudence born of complete and absolutely justified self-confidence.

Nobody seemed to care very much who won the Men's Doubles; for there were hardly half a dozen pairs among the sixty-four whose entry had been accepted who would not have been very glad indeed to win a single set from last year's winners, C. S. Garland and R. N. Williams, the Americans, if the latter pair had come over to defend their title. They did not, however, come over, and this opened the way for R. Lycett and M. Woosnam to become Doubles champions. They were as good a pair as any, and, personally, I was glad to see Lycett win both this and (with Miss Ryan) the Mixed Doubles championship, as some compensation for his defeat in the Singles and for the altogether too severe treatment measured out to him for what happened in that match.

The turnstiles have clicked their last on the Wimbledon of 1921, perhaps the last ever to be held on that sacred ground. The various Davis Cup players of all nationalities are off to America to decide which of them shall have the honour of attempting (I fancy to no purpose) to wrest the Cup from the land of its birth. Players of less exalted ambitions but higher handicap are already spreading all over England to the innumerable tournaments which eagerly cater for their amusement. The London lawn tennis season is over; the "holiday" tournaments begin. The great question of the year is settled; seriousness may now be cast aside, and the game played as a game till the final gathering of the clans (to say nothing of the Medes, Parthians, Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia!) at Eastbourne. May they all thoroughly enjoy themselves and their game!

LATE 17TH CENTURY CHAIRS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE SIR JAMES HORLICK, BT.

IT is only with the return of Charles II in 1660 that the chair, as an article of furniture, becomes frequent, light and movable. Even then it retained its function as the seat of honour, and when a great personage was present he would occupy it while lesser folk sat on stools. Thus when Cosmo III was at Wilton in 1669 the Earl of Pembroke had only one chair set at the dinner table, and it was the duke who insisted on a second one being provided for the hostess.

chairs as in other furniture, the revulsion of feeling from Commonwealth austerity brought about a wealth of carving that was against mobility. But at a period including the years just before as well as after the Restoration there was made in England a type of chair, derived from French models, that was easily handled. Seat and back were stuffed, but the back was a low oblong panel, while the frame was essentially utilitarian. There were no unnecessary expanses of wood for the display

of carving, because carving was omitted. Straight bars of walnut were connected on a plan that combined full rigidity with economic use of material. The points of junction were left as cubes or flat-sided knobs, and the interspaces were turned, a spiral being the favourite design. Such were made with and without arms, and of the latter Sir James Horlick—whose death since the previous article on his collection appeared in these pages it is our sad duty to record—possessed some half-dozen (Fig. 2), not exactly alike, but all very similar both as to size and detail of frame and as to design and colouring of the needlework coverings, the latter being of French origin. The knob and turned form of construction remained for essential but not prominent parts when elaborate ornamentation supervened. Of this we see the beginnings in a broad-seated, low-backed chair (Fig. 3), made within half a dozen years of the Restoration. The twist is present in legs, stretchers and the uprights of the back. But the knobs are enriched with a formalised flower, while the front rail, side consoles (to keep the cushion from slipping) and the framework set in between the uprights of the back are carved with rose and acanthus, the centre of the top rail being accentuated by winged boys holding up a basket of flowers, slightly raised up but not amounting to the cresting, which became, with the front stretcher, the most salient feature of the narrow tall-backed chairs that established themselves in popular esteem during the second half of Charles II's reign. The construction does not alter. The knob and turned framing remain for back uprights and hind legs and stretchers, but front legs and stretcher, cresting and back panel frame are developed into decorative areas. The fullest effort within these lines is seen in a chair (Fig. 8) that has, for its front legs, boys standing on



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1.—AN ARMCHAIR, CARVED AND GILT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The scroll legs enriched with female busts and connected by diagonal stretchers. Upholstered in French eighteenth century needlework. Height, 3ft. 10ins.; width, 2ft. 1in. Circa 1688.

The same occurred when he went to Althorp, as we read a fortnight ago. Even where rank and ceremony did not restrict the use of chairs they had been infrequent, and we recently found (May 21st) that at The Vyne in 1541 there were only nineteen chairs in the fifty-two rooms. Fifty years later they were more numerous, and there was a tendency to supplement the heavy "joynd chaire" of oak with a smaller type in the lighter walnut wood, although such, at Ingatestone, were only single examples and with arms. For whole sets without arms we certainly must fix a later date. France and Holland were before us and the Royalist exiles brought home and developed Continental habits in 1660. Then the prevalence of the walnut frame and cane seat greatly reduced the weight, although, in

acanthus carved S scrolls. Boys also support a shell in the great front stretcher and in the cresting, which is no longer inset between uprights terminating in finials, but stretches across them and uses them as supports. The canework panel of the back is not a simple oblong, but has an involved outline caused by the flowing inroads of the acanthus framing. That is quite an unusual feature in such chairs, but is present also in a pair with arms at East Sutton Place. Technique had been moving forward rapidly during the fifteen years that separate these chairs from such early examples of the manner as the broad-seated chair already described, where the carving is flat and slatty and the canework coarse. Grinling Gibbons, establishing his sway over the whole



2.—WALNUT ARMCHAIR WITH UPHOLSTERED BACK AND SEAT.

The woodwork all in the twist and knob manner of Commonwealth and Early Charles II times. The needlework is French. Height, 2ft. 11ins.; width, 1ft. 10½ins. *Circa 1660.*



3.—WALNUT CHAIR WITH CANE SEAT AND BACK PANEL.

The combination of twist and carving denotes a date soon after the Restoration. Height, 3ft. 4ins.; width, 2ft. 7ins. *Circa 1665.*



4.—WINGED ARMCHAIR WITH CARVED AND GILT UNDER FRAME.

The leg scrolls surmounted with a boy's head, and a pair of boys sit on the stretcher. Height, 4ft.; width, 2ft. 6ins. *Circa 1680.*



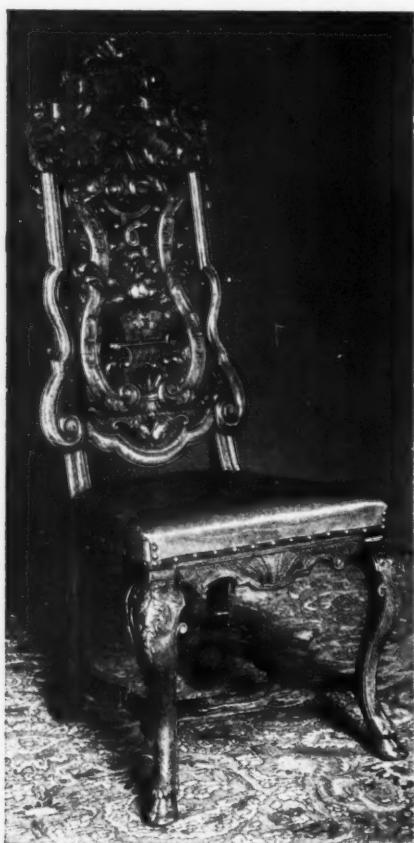
5.—WINGED CHAIR WITHOUT ARMS, WITH CARVED WALNUT UNDER FRAME.

Height, 4ft. 1in.; width, 2ft. 1in. *Circa 1680.*

race of wood carvers and cabinet-makers after his first employment at Windsor Castle in 1677, raised the level of both design and craftsmanship, and this appears clearly in the more sumptuous gilt chairs such as Dudley North had in his City mansion in 1684, and such as are included in the Ham House inventory of 1679 and are still there. Experiments at reaching luxuriousness of both form and appearance in chairs are seen in the furniture of the third Earl of Dorset, who owned Knole from 1609 to 1624. There we find early survivors of large fully upholstered chairs, but after that there is a lull until we reach the Ham House "sleeping" chairs, which may date even a little earlier than the completion of the house alterations in 1775. They are winged, the backs being fitted with ratchets to increase the obtuse angle. Of about that date will be a winged chair (Fig. 5) without arms having a walnut-wood frame with a front stretcher of simple upright scrolls connecting scroll legs. The covering is an old yellow brocade not original to the chair. The same scrolls appear in the front stretcher of another winged chair (Fig. 4), which is, however, the work of a more advanced craftsman, for not only are there well carved boys on the stretcher, but boys' heads, sculptured with assured finish, emerge from the leg scrolls. The woodwork is what was described at the time as "gold gilded," and like treatment was accorded to a still

richer chair (Fig. 1), where also a human bust shares the

The serpentine stretchers are arranged to cause the least disturbance to the curve of the front legs by coming out from the back of them. The foot is of the *piéd de biche* type which accompanies the first cabriole legs, as we see them in a set at Hampton Court, probably included in the 1699 account of the furnishing of that palace. That set shows an approach to the curved back with broad central splat characteristic of the Anne period. But Sir James Horlick's set are conservative as regards the back. True the canework panel is replaced by one of carved wood, and the uprights have a scrolled section. But the back is flat and high, the cresting, stretching across and resting on the uprights being still a marked feature. The decorative design is very fine and its execution masterly. But as a composition it shows the weakness of a moment of transition when established forms and *motifs* were being experimentally tried in combination with others that were new and not fully comprehended. There is, therefore, wanting the assured completeness and suavity of line which enabled chair makers of 1710 to reach an entirely satisfying effect with little aid from added ornament. In the series we have been considering we more and more leave behind us the simplicity of the earliest example; we get the pleasure of increasing decorative richness and finish, but neither construction nor general outline have improved. A single chair



6.—CARVED WALNUT CHAIR, ONE OF A SET OF EIGHTEEN.

The back is exceptionally rich in carving. The legs, with stretchers, of the same early cabriole form as Fig. 7, but end in hoof feet. Height, 4ft. 11in.; width, 1ft. 7ins. Circa 1795.



7.—CARVED WALNUT CHAIR WITH UPHOLSTERED SEAT AND CANE BACK PANEL.

The back is exceptionally low for the period. The legs connected by flat stretchers are of early cabriole form. Circa 1795.



8.—CARVED WALNUT CHAIR WITH CANE SEAT AND BACK PANEL.

Profusely carved with boys, shells and acanthus foliage. The canework panel at the back has an involved cut-line caused by the flowing inroads of the acanthus pattern. Height, 4ft. 7ins.; width, 1ft. 8ins. Circa 1680.

leg with an S scroll. The scroll reappears above for the uprights of the arms, off which the gold has been slightly rubbed by use, but the general condition of the piece is admirable, the present covering being French needlework of somewhat later date than the frame. That is transitional between the Late Charles II manner and that developed by Marot for William III. The knob and turned work, still used for hind legs and stretchers of the winged chairs, has disappeared, and so has the broad front stretcher. The legs, all four scrolled, are connected diagonally with stretchers, curved and carved, meeting centrally, such as—but of rather flatter section—accompanied the baluster leg that Marot affected and such as continued a short while when the cabriole form began to supersede both the scroll and baluster for the leg. As a stretcher broke the graceful and continuous curve of the leg and as improved construction made it unnecessary it was abandoned when the style became fully established under Anne. But its continuance in the early days of the style is shown in a very fine set of eighteen chairs (Fig. 6), that will date from the closing years of the seventeenth century.

(Fig. 7) in the collection is near akin to the set of eighteen, except for the height of the back. There is much the same form and decoration of leg, apron, stretcher and back, although in the latter canework is retained and the cresting is far more convincingly set on the uprights. Yet the chair at once arrests the eye as a curiosity, because a high back is so normal for this type as to create the impression of being of its essence. And, curiously enough, the identical design, but with the usual height of back, occurs and is represented in a whole set that came under the hammer last month and may be seen in an illustration of the drawing-room at Gwydir (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XXIII, page 942). A simple explanation would be that the back of one of this set being broken, it was discarded and then mended by reduction. The chair, however, shows no sign of this, but has every appearance of being in untouched condition, and so we reach the conclusion that it was made to special order and as a single item for some purpose or person for which or by whom the type was considered inappropriate.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BLACK-HEADED GULL'S FOOD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have lived the greater part of my life within close touch of the largest black-headed gullery in England—that of Twigmoor in North Lincolnshire. In the last fifty years I have had more than abundant opportunities of watching its ways of feeding. I quite agree with Dr. Walter E. Collinge when he states as a fact that fish are rarely taken by this species. Fish are in quantities in our becks, and mollusca abound there too, the latter even still more in our peat-carr dykes. It is these univalves and bivalves which form the chief attraction to draw the gulls away from the slugs, moths and crane-flies of the pastures, meadows and "seeds," or from following the plough to our inland waters. Very rarely indeed in the shallows of our becks a black-head may be observed to pick up a young dace or elver, and years ago even a troutlet, for none have been in evidence lately. Yet this fish-taking is so uncommon I should note it in my diary at once. When they are supposed to be fishing they are usually resting in the shallows two or three inches deep; but by field-glass watching I found out they were after mollusca, and when shot their crops proved this to be the fact. The fish see the standing birds and rarely come within reach. I remember one afternoon watching a 1.5lb. trout feeding on *Linnaea peregina* on the bank just below the water-line. This fish moved on regularly taking the shells which had gathered on a distinct line just below the water surface. A black-head suddenly arrived to join us, and sweeping up and down the beck was soon taking the mollusca with the same avidity as the fish; flying by the north bank up the stream and by the south bank as it returned, from the willow tree where I was posted for observations—anything that might turn up that day. Whenever the shadow of the bird passed over the fish or near it, it went down, but returned to its feeding *at once* when the bird had passed. The common field slug (*Agriolimax agrestis*) is a favourite food of the black-head—to such an extent that in one case on a wheatfield where they were doing incredible damage the gulls so over-fed themselves that they could not rise from the ground and had to remain till they obtained relief by digestion. They saved the wheat crop and my brother the cost of dusting it over the following evening with lime. Though their food range is wide it does not seem to include the greater common and green-veined white butterflies. I have often observed them hunting over the pastures, meadows and flowering red clover seeds; every moth that moved was snapped up, but the "whites" were ignored, though half a dozen or more might be on the wing at once. Yet I have never seen this fact in print.—E. ADRIAN WOODRUFFE-PEACOCK.

AN INTERESTING BUILDING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In these days when skilled workmen in the building trade are scarce and are inclined

to limit the output of work, an experiment in building initiated and carried out by Sybil Viscountess Rhondda on her estate at Llanwern, Mopmouthshire, is of considerable interest. Lady Rhondda was anxious to find employment for ex-officers and did not see why they could not usefully and successfully be taught to build cottages, and her idea was so to train a body of them that they could become a kind of building guild, and so make a living. A party was got together and under the direction of Mr. Oswald P. Milne, F.R.I.B.A., of Messrs. Milne and Phipps, architects, they started work on two cottages. A skilled craftsman was employed to work alongside of them and teach them the various crafts as the work proceeded. From the outset they ordered their own material and in every way conducted their own affairs. So successful has been the result that the two cottages are now nearly complete, and every bit of work, except the making of the joinery and the plumbing, has been entirely carried out by the ex-officers. The cottages have stone walls and tiled roofs, and it would require an experienced eye to see that they were not built by fully skilled men. The cost of the first two cottages has been somewhat higher than that of similar cottages built in the ordinary way, but not so much higher as one would suppose, considering the fact that every job and trade had to be learned from the outset and at first the progress was necessarily slow. Now such a measure of skill and speed has been attained in the various trades that there is good reason to think that in future work these men will more than hold their own against the ordinary contractor. Every man has a direct interest in getting through the work quickly and cheaply. It is to be hoped that some building owner will be forthcoming to employ these men in further cottage building and so carry on and turn to real usefulness this experiment in the employment of ex-officers.—MONMOUTHSHIRE.

"A QUESTION FOR FISHERMEN."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very much interested to see the photograph of fishes' teeth in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of June 18th, accompanying the letter "A Question for Fishermen," as they so much resemble those of the mahseer, or Indian salmon, of which teeth I possess several specimens showing the same irregular and rounded formation. Do many large fish possess these peculiar teeth? At any rate it would be interesting to know to what fish those photographed belong, and if it is a relation of the mahseer.—M. LEVETT-YEATS.

A VANISHING BURN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photograph was taken on a moor in Northumberland. The burn flowed on an ordinary course between heathery banks until it arrived at these limestone ledges. It tumbled over the ledges into the pool below, where it disappeared entirely, to reappear a couple of miles below. A dry bed of the stream led away from this pool—no doubt used when



A BURN THAT DISAPPEARS OVER LIMESTONE LEDGES.

the burn was in flood, but there was no water to be seen there when I took this photograph. Perhaps some of your numerous readers can explain this and tell me if it is a usual occurrence where limestone crops out, as it does occasionally in this border country.—M. G. S. BEST

SEA-TROUT IN THE TEIGN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a certain long, quiet pool in the Teign, where a number of sea-trout, or peal, as they are called in the West, are congregated. I have been observing these fish somewhat closely, principally with a view to catching some of them, and find they have certain fixed habits. Though the river is very low, the pool still remains too deep for the bottom to be visible. Each peal seems to have a position of its own, from which it does not stray far; indeed, I have seen a fish come to the surface again and again in almost exactly the same spot. Just as the sun is setting, the peal become active and jump and plunge in all directions. Some only break surface at long irregular intervals, others come up very much oftener, and it is these more active natured fish which are most likely to take the fly. When the breeze dies to a dead calm after sunset, the peal are much livelier than when the wind holds on; in fact, in the latter case it is not worth while attempting night fishing. About 10 o'clock, summer time, is when one's fly is most likely to attract interest. The peal lately in the Teign were the early run, not many in numbers, but large in size. At the end of June there is a second run, when great numbers of what are known locally as "harvest peal" come up the river. These smaller sea-trout can often be taken in the day, when the water is dead low, provided the tackle is fine and the fly small. The big peal do not seem to be so obliging, perhaps merely because there are fewer of them, and it is more difficult to find one willing to rise. Another thing, the large peal like more water than the harvest ones, and it is in shallow water that the fish rise best. I must confess that studying these peal has not resulted in the discovery of any golden method of catching them! The only thing is to arrive on the water early enough to see the peal begin their evening jump, and mark down those particular fish which come up oftenest, and later on fish persistently over the selected individuals. Of course, this settling down of sea-trout to one spot in a pool is all done away with by the first flood. The fish at once leave their drought quarters and push up river, and perhaps some special fish which one has been tempting at night with a silver bodied fly will be caught in the day by some other fisherman ten miles higher up-stream.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

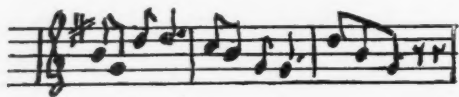


BUILT ENTIRELY BY EX-OFFICERS.

MUSICAL PHRASE IN BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A letter in COUNTRY LIFE for May 7th asks if other readers can give illustrations on this subject. I have often noticed musical notation in blackbirds' songs. A blackbird just outside my window at Hampstead sings three short phrases continually, thus :



The second bar is generally repeated and punctuated with a kind of gurgle or trill on the lower note, at the end, a merry sound. Also this bird varies his strains and makes them appear new like the blackbird of the New Forest, though when he first began to sing this spring he repeated one phrase, the last, over and over again and the rest of his song was fragmentary. He has many other broken melodies. Charles Kingsley's "Charm of Birds" in his "Prose Idylls" gives a delightful description of the different songs of birds. Of the blackbird he says: "From the hollies rings out the blackbirds' tenor—rollicking, audacious, humorous, all but articulate." He thought that the songs of the old Minnesingers and of the Early English and Scotch song writers were copied directly from the birds, "the primeval teachers of melody."—A. A. TEMPLE.

TAME BABY BADGERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The excellent snapshots in your issue of June 11th of the Marchioness of Tweeddale's little daughter feeding two baby badgers are most interesting. From the strong and healthy appearance of the young badgers no doubt they have been successfully reared and have now passed their babyhood. Badgers are usually born in the early spring. I am glad that the mother badger was accidentally trapped. As a rule old badgers will detect a trap and avoid being caught. When taken young they become much attached to those who look after them and feed them, and will come when called and follow their owner like

a dog. They are intelligent animals and, when young, very playful and love a good romp. Their games, however, are rather rough, as they use their teeth somewhat freely. This is done in play, but one's clothes and stockings are liable to be torn. In the same way they will grab at the bare hand and pretend to bite it; it is a good plan to wear a thick glove on one hand: a dogskin glove will do. I am wondering whether the youthful owner of these badgers has found her pets are becoming troublesome; she must not think they are becoming savage and wild, but she should protect her hands and legs. I have brought up several young badgers at different times and have one now, about three and a half months old. Until quite recently he took milk from a bottle, but, of course, had other food as well. I have no snapshot available to send you. I should be pleased to give any further information in my power if it will be of any use.—C. McNIVEN.

A CHEETAH HUNT AFTER BLACK BUCK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It has occurred to me that your readers might like to see these photographs of a form of sport one sees out here in some of the Indian States. I enclose two photographs of a cheetah hunt after black buck. The cheetah is a kind of leopard and is taken out hooded on a bullock cart. The buck take little notice of the carts, as they are more or less used to them, and allow them to get within 60yds. or 70yds., or perhaps a little less. The cheetah is unhooded and attacks one of the buck by a wonderful rush. The speed of this rush is almost beyond belief, but if the cheetah does not get the buck in the matter of the first 100yds. to 150yds., it gives up the chase. After killing, the cheetah sucks the blood of the buck from its throat. I am sorry to say that I have only been able to get an indifferent photograph of the cheetah on its prey—unfortunately I could not get one of the chase—still you may find the photographs of interest. The coats worn by the cheetahs when taken out to the hunt have more than a touch of Oriental splendour: they are of crimson velvet with gold embroidery.—P. G. LOCH.



THE END OF THE CHASE.



THE CHEETAHS' RETURN IN TRIUMPH.

A DIPPER TAPPING AT THE WINDOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although it is not an uncommon occurrence for male blackbirds to do battle with their own reflections as seen in windows



RESTING BETWEEN THE ROUNDS.

during spring (they do so here regularly every spring), I have never seen it recorded that a dipper has done likewise. During the latter part of May this year one of these charming little birds was an almost daily visitor to a downstairs window of our house in Dumfriesshire, and by fitting up a temporary "hide" I was able to secure the enclosed photograph of the event. Upon arrival he would perch on one of the garden posts in view of the window and sing continuously for several minutes. This was always followed by a varying period of curtsying, punctuated with the customary call note. His excitement now became visibly plainer, the call notes more strung together and confused, and he repeatedly hopped around on the post, but always kept an eye on the window. The climax being reached he flew straight at the window pane, striking it with some force, and then fluttering up and down until almost exhausted. The photograph shows him at the window during a temporary pause in the attack, and his reflection can be seen at the bottom right-hand corner of the pane, between the lifting ring and the frame.—E. E. DENNIS.

SALMON FISHING EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few days ago a man in Hereford gave me a very interesting account of one of the ways in which they caught salmon on the Wye some eighty years ago as witnessed by his father. In those days they used coracles, with a paddle under the left arm and their rod under the right. The rod was a strong pole some 8ft. long like a billiards cue. To this was attached a line made of several strands of twisted horsehair. They used a large hook with a fly made from the feathers of a bittern. There was no reel or running line, and when a salmon took the fly the fisherman struck hard and threw rod and all overboard. The fish would jump, plunge and run with the heavy rod following at the end of the line, and the man in the coracle after it. When the fish became exhausted the man would paddle up to the floating rod and again strike, starting the fish off on another run. When this had been repeated several times and the fish had become quite exhausted, he was towed into slack water where he was despatched with a gaff or a billet of wood. You may possibly consider this of sufficient interest for your correspondence column, and it would be of interest to know if any rod or tackle used in this curious method of catching salmon still exists.—A. D. SAPSWORTH.

A NEW HOME out of TWO DERELICTS

A HAPPY RESTORATION IN A BERKSHIRE VILLAGE.

IN the autumn of 1918 a certain architect, Mr. Basil Sutton to wit, came accidentally upon two derelict cottages in the Berkshire village of Uplambourn; and, being himself rather dilapidated after a strenuous period in France, they evoked a fellow-feeling that led to a closer examination. From the look of them they appeared to have been built towards the end of the seventeenth century, and, like so many cottages of the period in these smaller villages, they had been long assumed to have reached a stage beyond which restoration was impossible. But, as will be seen—and the same applies to more of these cottages than is generally imagined—this was not, in fact, the case. Built of sarcen stone, the traditional building material of the villages of the Lambourn valley, they had been constructed, after the custom of their period, without the touch of hammer and chisel, the stones having been laid with the flattest of their natural faces outwards. Still to be found whence the old builders, no doubt, collected them—by roadside and hedgerow or half buried in the downland pastures—these stones, with their curious resemblance, at a little distance, to the backs of sheep are known as “grey wethers.” And it was because they are so definitely a part of the character and colour of the surrounding country, and because too many, alas! of the cottages built with them have been shouldered out of existence by pink-bricked aliens, Mr. Sutton determined that, if possible, these, at any rate, should be preserved.

Being fortunate enough to acquire at a comparatively small cost the freehold of the cottages, and more fortunate still in the discovery of a capable and sympathetic builder, by the end of the year the cottages were rendered habitable. And it is because

the writer is convinced that there are many people who would not only find profit and enjoyment, but would also, in a similar venture, preserve many such needlessly doomed national heirlooms, that he ventures very briefly to append details of the work required and the cost incurred in this case. The photographs, it is hoped, will sufficiently illustrate the result.

It was found necessary then, but considered well worth while, to repair and re-thatch the roof; to point the walls and chimneys; to repair the windows, making all lights to open, and opening up old bricked-in windows; to provide communicating doors between the two cottages; to demolish certain partition walls and to construct others; to strip the paper and canvas from the open oak and elm timbered ceilings; to hack off the old plaster from the internal faces of the main walls, thereby revealing the natural face of the original rough masonry;



A BERKSHIRE COTTAGE: FRONT VIEW AFTER RESTORATION.
Basil Sutton.



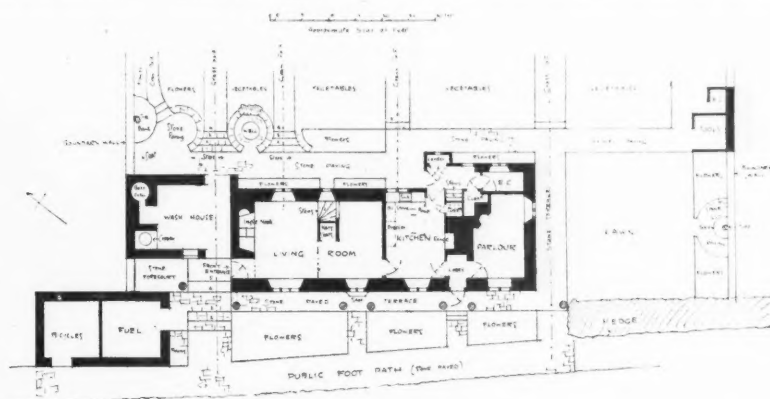
From the Front.



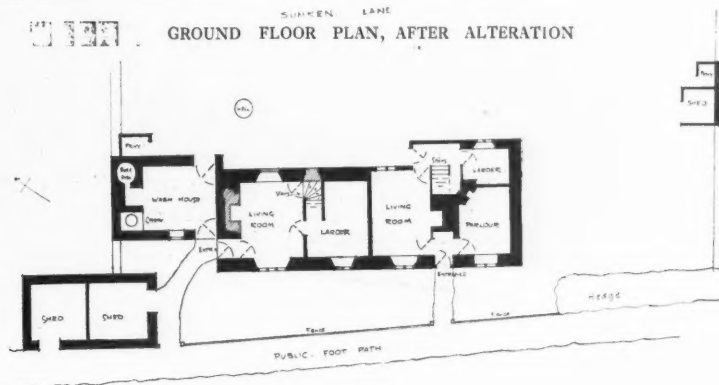
From the Back.

TWO VIEWS OF THE COTTAGES AS EXISTING IN 1918.

Showing the dilapidated condition of the roof.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN, AFTER ALTERATION



GROUND FLOOR PLAN, BEFORE ALTERATION



At the Foot of the Stairs.



Looking Towards the Fireplace.

TWO VIEWS IN THE LIVING ROOM.

to open up the old bricked-in fireplaces; and finally to provide a bathroom with hot and cold water service, a pump in connection with the old garden well, a kitchen range, sink, lavatory basin, and "soak away" drainage, and to instal simple earth closets.

Within a few yards of the house enough sarcen stones were picked up to form a flagged terrace, garden walks and some simple steps; and the total cost (not including, of course, the value of the architect's own time) amounted

to no more, even in the current exceptional conditions, than £300.

It is not urged that every dilapidated cottage in these Berkshire or neighbouring county districts could be so easily or so conveniently made into a covetable habitation. But it is surely true that there are very many of these beautiful old derelicts that could be so dealt with, and at a cost far lower than would be incurred by building a new and possibly incongruous house.

ROBERT STANLEY.

THE GOOD EXAMPLE OF JOCKEY CLUB STEWARDS

THE BEST TWO YEAR OLD.

THE last Newmarket Meeting, the first of the summer season to be held on the July Course, was associated with several incidents showing that the Stewards of the Jockey Club were keeping a close eye on the running. The new jockey from New Zealand, Hector Gray, was twice arraigned before them, once for using his whip on a horse after passing the winning post, and later for the way he rode Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's White Satin in the race for the Exeter Stakes. The Stewards did not think he had made the most use of his opportunities, which was in contradistinction to the excess of zeal he had shown in the first instance. The complaint as to the misuse of the whip was made in respect of a horse called Mount Stewart and was submitted by the owner, Lord Londonderry. It was a reminder that about two years ago the jockey Childs was reprimanded for unduly punishing Most Beautiful at the start of a race. In this latest case the New Zealand jockey was officially rebuked, and the fact that he was on the carpet the very next day for keeping his whip too still would, I have no doubt, give him something to think about and ponder over.

A. Balding, who is the jockey for the well known Clarendon stable, was suspended for a period for making too much use of his whip. The decision was most just and should have a salutary effect on others besides this particular offender. The "Cause List" is not yet exhausted, for a jockey named Walsh, who has been riding in the Colonies, was asked for an explanation of his riding of a horse named Straightaway belonging to Mr. Frank Curzon. The Stewards had a few remarks to make to him. This made the fourth case in the course of a four days' meeting, which must be something of a record and an unparalleled example of the vigilance of Jockey Club Stewards. The fact that these enquiries have been conducted is a matter of much satisfaction, especially among old racegoers, who have only the highest interest of racing at heart. Personally, I attribute the display of liveliness to the methods adopted by the Senior Steward, Lord Lonsdale, whose custom it is to ride down to the start, or even station himself a furlong or two from the finish. I am told that the same thing is done by stipendiary stewards in the Colonies, but I do not recall that it has ever been done before by a Chief Steward of the Jockey Club in this country. The advantages are obvious; indeed, there could not have been a

better demonstration of Lord Lonsdale's enterprise than the four cases which were made the subject of enquiries last week. There was justification in every instance, and the thanks of all are due to the Stewards, none the less because of the fact that after all they were only doing their duty.

The trouble is that there is no uniformity of Stewards' supervision over racing in this country. The atmosphere may become clearer at Newmarket, but it is at meetings elsewhere that we have long been suffering from the absence of any disciplinary grip on those who hold licences to train or ride. If a man like Lord Lonsdale, absolutely fearless, with no axe to grind, a non-bettor, and with a personality, could go the round of the meetings I have no doubt we should have a considerable uplifting of the moral of the Turf, though I am not one of those who think there is anything seriously wrong with it at the present day. The thing is to create a standard and maintain it in practice, and not merely in theory. At any rate, what happened at Newmarket last week is a most admirable example to all those who act as stewards at meetings elsewhere, even though they may be interested in betting. The weakness of the system of local stewards is the man who bets, but who is asked to fill the very onerous position. He cannot possibly be unprejudiced because he must be under obligations to trainers and jockeys for information. I do not say this is so in all cases, but it is notorious that a number do exist. I imagine that the difficulty with racecourse executives is to find individuals of standing and with the necessary knowledge of racing who do not bet. Certainly they are very few and far between. In these circumstances the weakness of our system needs no emphasising.

Which is the best two year old of the season so far as it has gone? It is a particularly difficult question to answer. Some would say Lord Jersey's Scamp, which won the New Stakes at Ascot, beating Lembach, which at Newmarket last week won the July Stakes. Strictly on form, therefore, there is a great deal to be said for Scamp. Mr. R. C. Dawson's Blanche Colt, which beat Scamp at Newbury and only just failed to give 10lb. to Alaric at Ascot, is entitled to contest the position with Scamp, while it is now said that Lembach was not himself at Ascot; at any rate, he was thought to be better at Newmarket last week than he was at the other place. Certain is it that, were the three

mentioned to meet, Lembach would quite possibly be favourite, which shows what the people who bet to big money think about him. It may be that I have not mentioned the best of those so far seen out. I fully believe that in the autumn we shall see even better ones because trainers are finding it impossible to train big and backward youngsters on account of the drought and the very hard state of training grounds. I know that Alec Taylor, for instance, has not attempted to do any serious work with most of his two year olds. Any horse that wins the Coventry Stakes at Ascot must have strong credentials, and for that reason much was thought of Mr. Solly Joel's Pondoland. He was heavily backed by Mr. Joel to beat Lembach for the July Stakes last week, but he made a most woeful display. I refuse to think we saw anything like the best of him and can only conclude that he could not go on the hard ground. Colour is given to the idea by the fact that he moved very badly when going to the post.

May it not be possible that the best two year old so far seen out is a filly? Certainly we were treated to two sparkling displays at this First July Meeting when Lord Glanely's Western Hill and Mr. Marshall Field's Golden Corn won their respective races. Each won without being pressed—Western Hill the Stud Produce Stakes and Golden Corn the Fulbourne Stakes. The two are strikingly unlike in their characteristics. Western Hill is a fairly well grown daughter of Quantock, who was so badly behaved at the starts of races that he was finally warned off. He is now in Australia. This filly of his is a rich chestnut with a particularly strong back and loins. You could not wish for a more perfectly balanced one, but somehow she gives the idea that she may never be anything more than a sprinter as her sire was. She reminds me of Lampetia, who as a two year old made a big reputation on this July Course two years ago.

Golden Corn is a bay daughter of Golden Sun, and quite the best of the progeny I have seen by that horse, who was bred by Mr. Jack Joel and who won many races for him. As a yearling Golden Corn was bought for Mr. Marshall Field for

1,650 guineas, which was quite reasonable as prices were ruling at Doncaster last September. Mr. Marshall Field, who is a fortunate young man having associations with the famous Chicago Store of that name, was wishful of starting racing on not too big a scale at first in this country. This filly was one of the purchases Mr. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort made for him, and now we have her giving a most impressive show to win the Fulbourne Stakes by half a dozen lengths. She is a particularly big one, having a great reach and splendid limbs. With all her fine size and substance she retains that quality which is so important, and some day she will, I am sure, be a lovely mare. I do not know what programme is to be followed with her, but she is in good hands and it is not offering bad advice to suggest that she should be backed until she be beaten.

A lot of people went into raptures over the wins last week of Orpheus. He won the Duke of Cambridge Handicap under 9st. 11lb. and the Princess of Wales' Stakes, having to give only 9lb. to a second-class three year old in Lord Carnarvon's Franklin. In each case he won very easily, and thereby confirmed paddock impressions that he may never have been as strong and well as he is now. As regards the handicap, it should be remembered that the weights began at 7st., and Lacrosse, whom he beat, has, after all, a very poor winning record in spite of the great expectations entertained of him time after time. He has been a most expensive failure. Orpheus owed his success to the fact that the tasks set him were not really as formidable as they appeared on paper, and also that he has never been so well, that the hard state of the course, the races being at home, and the riding of Gray, were all to his liking. The racing during the present week has scarcely been of more than local interest, but a big lift upwards will come next week with the Second July Meeting at Newmarket to be followed at the end of the week by the highly interesting "Eclipse" Meeting at Sandown Park. I shall have another opportunity next week of referring to that, though up to the present it looks like being a gift to Lord Astor with his good horse, Craig an Eran. PHILIPPOS.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

THE COMING PARTRIDGE SEASON.

HARDLY anything can prevent the coming partridge season from being a bumper success. We have only to go back to the drought year 1893 to recall how in the shooting season that followed partridges were found in the most amazing numbers in places not ordinarily favoured with more than a sprinkling. The year 1911 proved very similar. There was a splendid stock of birds, but no covert that would hold them, the only consolation being given by the aphorism that a good year for birds is a bad year for roots. Owing to suspended activities during the war many partridge grounds have been very seriously reduced in stock, so that this year offers an opportunity to restore former conditions with pleasing suddenness. The situation is from every point of view so interesting, and fraught with such great possibilities, that I recently made a pilgrimage to Mr. R. Sharpe, whose illuminating contributions on all that appertains to game have earned general appreciation. He is nowadays located at a place called Wallis Wood, some three miles from Ockley in Surrey, Leith Hill forming an entrancing background to the scene of his labours. He is doing splendid work in remedying the post-war deficiency in highly trained shooting dogs. In his kennels Labrador retrievers are in the majority, but the beautiful golden retriever—in his opinion the retriever of the future—was represented by five fine examples; spaniels also were much in evidence. Mr. Sharpe is a life-long specialist in this group, an article he wrote for me as long ago as 1897 having forecasted every item upon which subsequent effort has been concentrated. By way of entertainment he gave a demonstration of the progress so far made by a selection of the dogs which are undergoing their course of training—in fact, the whole trouble was to escape these temptations to diverge from the main purpose of the visit. This, however, was entirely successful, since, before leaving, I was able to extract his promise to write for our Shooting Number—due to be published on the 23rd inst.—a full statement of the partridge situation in its present bearings and with particular regard to the best way of utilising in due course the opportunities which it will present.

"NOTES ON SHOOTING," BY AN EXPERT.

We are asked by Nobel Industries, Limited, to state that, in order to clear the current edition of this well known handbook, they are prepared to forward copies gratis to those who make application for the same to Nobel House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. The opportunity should not be missed, since the book contains by way of illustrations the finest selection under one cover of Mr. Rouch's inimitable photographs of game birds in actual flight. They constitute an interesting contrast and comparison with Thorburn's studies as interpreted by the artist's eye. In text it aims at giving so much of the science of modern sporting ammunition as the lay mind can digest. Further, it relates the scientific statistics of shot flight to the task imposed

on the shooter. The complete series of editions, nine in all, forms an interesting survey of the history of smokeless powders. In the first, published in 1887, we have "An Old Manufacturer" alarmed at the danger of smokeless propellents and decanting on the greater reliability of black, yet in publishing some of the earliest data derived from chronographic experiments he shows considerable erudition. The second and enlarged edition was published a year later, the third edition in 1889, the fourth in 1890 and the fifth in 1892. The sixth is missing from my collection, but the seventh came out in 1896. Gradually the tone altered till in the preface to the last-named we read: "As long as these smokeless powders remained in their crude state, uncertain and unsafe, the Messrs. Curtis and Harvey refused to associate their name and reputation as powder makers with any one of them. Now, however . . ."; and so amberite was born. There is no harm in mentioning that Mr. G. G. André, expert to the firm named, was author of these editions. He died some time later, and the writing of the eighth edition (1904) from an entirely different point of view was placed in the hands of one who represented the new order. The ninth, now on offer, is an enlargement of its predecessor and was published in 1915. I cannot speak of its literary contents with the enthusiasm which my soul prompts lest there should be those who identify in the words "By An Expert" the same authorship which is openly acknowledged in the shooting columns of COUNTRY LIFE.

"A COLOURABLE IMITATION OF A BEST GUN."

Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison have invited my inspection of a new model gun which they have been working upon for some time past and which they themselves describe in the above terms. Its price is to be 80 guineas, and they put it forward as a reproduction of the essentials of their best gun which is priced at 120 pounds or guineas, I forget which. The way Mr. Edgar Harrison set to work was to go over the best gun, item by item and component by component, with a view to deciding where cost of production could be saved without sacrificing any genuine element of working efficiency, likewise any meritorious item of design or handling quality. Many sportsmen are convinced that the high price of a best gun is largely accounted for by striving after a finicky perfection of finish which involves no extra serviceability, this word being here used in its most comprehensive sense. The gunmaker usually retorts that, bar the engraving (actually a small item), every care lavished has a practical purpose in view. Here we must leave the century-old controversy. This gun is a side-lock and is constructed from the self-same machinings as the best. The engraving, I am told, is cheaper than the best, but our picture shows a remarkably pleasing result. The *avant tout* ejector with spiral springs located around the rods replaces the more expensive flat-spring type. The limbs of the lock are polished on the wheel instead of by the laborious hand process using a piece of stick carrying an adhering abrasive agent. The

secondary sear, much to my delight, has gone. Its introduction was one of the mistaken fads of my predecessor, Dr. Walsh. Lately, I remember reading that suburban burglaries would be much rarer if householders would only have fixed on their doors one good mortice lock. It is very much the same with guns. You can overload them with catches and accident preventives, but as they all have to be worked by one handle, so to speak, each gratuitous addition represents a net reduction from the efficiency of those it essays to supplement. Anson and Deeley



COGSWELL AND HARRISON'S EIGHTY-GUINEA GUN.

guns (the alternative to side-locks) have only one sear, they do not lend themselves to easy hammer release as the side-lock does; the very cheapest guns are of this type, yet, broadly speaking, nothing ever goes dangerously wrong. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the side-lock is the best design for that perfection of "pull" which is essential to a perfectly timed shot, and this perfection—which includes permanence in that state—is best accomplished in presence of only one sear to each hammer.

ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

A GREAT NEW COURSE ON CAPE COD.

MR. HERBERT FOWLER has just come back from America, where he has been busily laying out courses, and has told me some very interesting things about them. Up till now America has been poor in courses that we should describe as the real seaside thing. Even the National Golf Links on Long Island, just about the best course that I ever saw in my life, is not strictly seaside golf. Mr. Fowler has been laying out two courses, however, on pure sand right on the sea. The one over which he is most modestly enthusiastic is on Cape Cod. It is close to a place that we should call Chatham, but the Americans call Chat-ham. The course is on so narrow a promontory that practically every hole is right on the water's edge. Mr. Fowler describes it as a "glorified Sandwich." It is, I gather, a beautiful undulating tract of broken ground, and four or five of the holes have ready made turf. The others have to be sown, and tons and tons of unwanted fish—Cape Cod is, of course, a famous fishing centre—are being used as manure to prepare the ground. The passionate enthusiasm for golf in America is well illustrated by the making of this course. "Where will the players come from?" I asked. "Oh," said Mr. Fowler, "it's about a hundred miles from Boston and only two hundred from New York: they'll motor from there." What can withstand the determination of people who will motor 200 miles for their golf? As a matter of fact this course, gorgeous though it is, will be comparatively cheap, owing to its great natural advantages. It will cost about 75,000 dollars. By way of contrast, a course that Mr. Fowler laid out for a big hotel at Los Angeles cost 175,000 dollars. Cape Cod is almost the nearest point in America to England and it is to be called, by a happy and romantic notion, Eastward Ho!

IN CALIFORNIA.

Another big piece of work has been the Pacific course near San Francisco. It is about six miles from the town and right on the Pacific, with most wonderful views. The sand here is of the purest, but there is no grass. It has all to be sown, and soil has to be laid down for the grass to grow on. The land is disposed in three plateaux with a drop between each, the lowest plateau being close to the sea. Obviously this presents a problem in architecture, since it is difficult to avoid a dull sameness in the intermediate holes that, so to speak, bridge the gulfs. However, Mr. Fowler says he has got over it, and I have no doubt he has. He tells me that the Americans are extraordinarily good at constructional work and very quick to grasp the designer's idea. The way in which they "move mountains" is remarkable, and a hill of the size of the Maiden at Sandwich will vanish with incredible speed at the word of command. This work is done largely with a "scoop," which is, I gather, a kind of colossal shovel pulled by mules. It is used only for moving light ground. In the case of heavy ground a plough

In this and other items Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison have exercised wise discrimination. Our illustration is taken from a gun before the hardened state, the idea being to bring into clearer vision the excellence of its contour and general style. One suggestion only have I to make. It is that instead of replacing the gold monogram plate with one in silver, leave this item out altogether.

AN INSTITUTION WORTHY OF ASSISTANCE.

At the annual meeting of the Keepers' Benefit Society the Earl of Kintore was able to announce a pleasing increase in the donations and subscriptions to the Society, also a legacy having the net value of £180. Resources in hand at £152 higher than a year previously show a slight improvement, but, on the other hand, beneficiaries have increased from fifty-three to sixty-three, with prospect of further additions to the list. The pensions distributed have amounted to £5 in the two winter quarters and £4 for the remainder of the year, making a total of £18. Even this modest provision absorbed £1,053 against £924 in the previous year. In the early period of the Society's existence the benefits were much greater, but the inexorable logic of actuarial science proved that the steadily accumulating funds of the Society were not growing in proportion to the gradual ageing of the members. The age limit for joining was, I believe, fifty years, so that some years had necessarily to elapse before additions to the pension list could be balanced by deaths. The society is only partly supported by the premiums contributed by prospective beneficiaries; donations and subscriptions by employers augmenting the fund available for distribution. In this department support has not been as widespread as was originally hoped and anticipated. There are, of course, many generous employers who have made a practice of undertaking the care in old age of all the servants on their estates with a record of faithful service. But this does not cover the case of those keepers who have rendered an equally valuable aggregate of service to a succession of masters. Begging is a fine art, and the secret of its success is organisation. Let the Society ponder on this truth.

has to be used first before the scoop can get to work. Mr. Fowler is laying out another San Francisco course; he has also made one at Del Monte, a famous holiday resort, and the one at Los Angeles before mentioned, which is on sandy loam and very good, but I think he takes the most parental pride in Cape Cod. He is greatly impressed with the fact that Americans will go on playing better and better, for the golf boom there is really only beginning. So we may expect many more friendly invaders.

DRIVING IN THE DROUGHT.

I suppose our courses have never been burnt much harder and barer than they are at present, and golf has become a difficult and rather ridiculous game. I went down to Worpleston last week to watch two pleasant and interesting matches. Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother met Miss Alexa Stirling and Mr. de Montmorency. The Wethereds won the four-ball match, in which the ladies received a half, and were beaten in the foursome. There were plenty of shots worth the watching, but I am ashamed to confess that my chief feeling was a crude hungering for sensation in the form of enormous shots. The two most astounding ones were hit by Mr. Wethered. The second hole is 396yds. long, and the last part of it is up a gentle slope. If I had had Mr. Wethered's second shot to play I should have banged the ball along the ground with a putter. He did not, because he is a deft pitcher and took his niblick, but the distance cannot have been much more than 40yds. His tee shot was, I suppose, 350yds. Then at the seventh hole the hole is perched on a narrow little plateau, in imitation of Pandy at Musselburgh, and the ground rises up to it pretty abruptly. This green Mr. Wethered had the audacity to reach from the tee—only 331yds. this time. What he would have done at the eleventh, 540yds. long, I do not know, but unfortunately he pulled a vast drive into the rough. However, Mr. de Montmorency, who was driving very well, but like a respectable Christian gentleman and not like a steam engine, reached the edge of the green in two shots, and Miss Wethered was up in two and a short run-up. It really was rather absurd, but until we can standardise the sun there is no help for it.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY'S YEAR BOOK.

Mr. Eustace Landale, the honorary secretary, has asked me to appeal to all the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society to send him their addresses at 34, Fenchurch Street, E.C. Among the many things for which the Kaiser is responsible, is apparently the fact that many addresses have been lost. In old days there used to be published a year book containing the results of our matches and the names and addresses of members. It was interesting in itself and it enabled more members to play in the matches and generally to know what was going on. Mr. Landale is going to issue the year book again, and hence this appeal.